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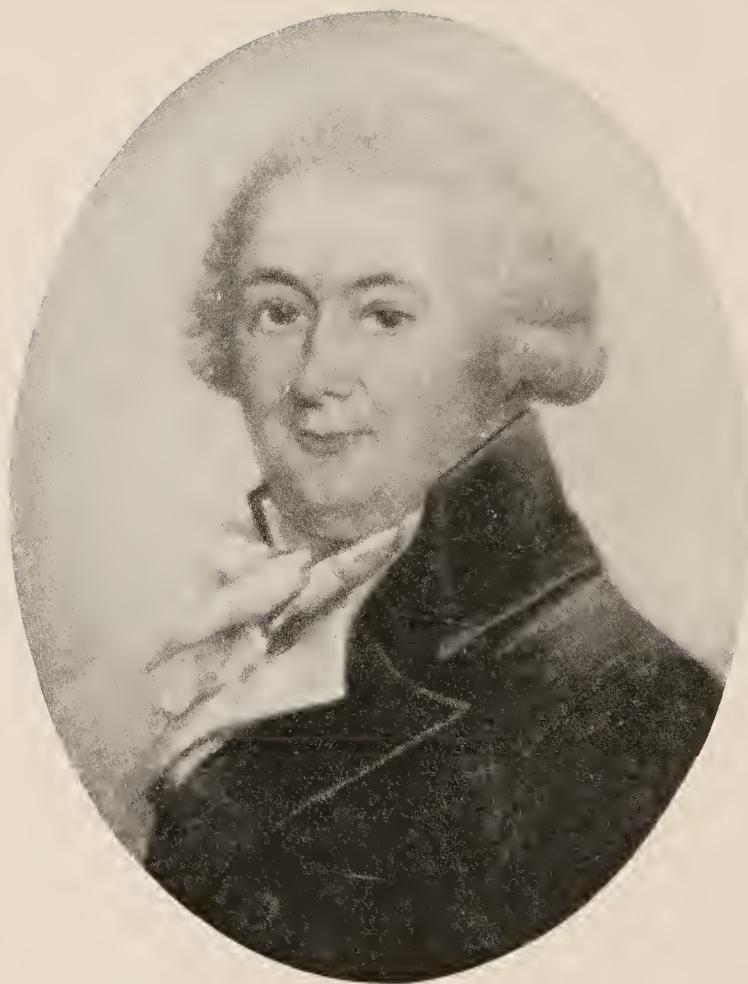


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MINIATURE OF ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE
("DOUGHTY DEEDS"), 1735-1797.
By BONE.

DOUGHTY DEEDS



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DOUGHTY DEEDS

*An Account of the Life of
ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE,
POET & POLITICIAN, 1735-1797,*

*drawn from his Letter-books
& Correspondence*

by

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

Lincoln MacVeagh

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IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADYE PLEASE

If doughty deeds my ladye please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!
O tell me how to woo thee, love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

TO

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER

ANGUS CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, R.N.

PREFACE

HISTORIES and Lives of Saints, only other saints should write, for they alone give, by the excellency¹ of their lives, complete authority to the testimony of their pens.

That seems just, and if the precept laid down by Fray Geronimo de San Joseph was more attended to, there would not be so many lives of eminent men written by those incapable of comprehending them.

Fray Geronimo goes on to confess his own unworthiness, and gives as his excuse for his great daring that the task was laid on him by his superiors.

The subject of this brief memoir was no saint, and his descendant and biographer has still less claims to saintliness, nor can he plead his task was laid upon him by the command of any one; that is, if all tasks, even those we lay upon ourselves, are not in some way or another imposed from the outside.

What he can plead is that in a measure he is able to understand his ancestor—that is to say, if one man ever understands another, even if linked to him both by heredity and by a common blood.

Both of us passed the best years of our lives in the Indies, and though the Indies that I knew were wilder

¹ “Las Historias y vidas de los Santos solos otros santos devian escriverlas; ya porque solos ellos dan con la excelencia de su vida completa autoridad al testimonio de su pluma . . . ;” (*Historia del Venerable Padre Fr. Juan de la Cruz Geronimo de San Joseph*, Dedicase a la misma, Santa Madre (Sta. Teresa) con privilegio, en Madrid, por Diego Diaz de la Carrera, año de 1640).

and less civilised than those in which he passed his youth—laying up gout and learning all the points of negroes, as a horse-coper learns those of a horse—the world of Europe was, if possible, in his time, even more cruel and more brutal than it is to-day. Thus, we can cry quits, for if, as he himself declares, in the rebellion of the Coromantins he saw negroes gibbeted and left to starve and burned alive, I too have seen things that, as our country people say, “ I dinna care to mind ”.

Both of us strove with great encumbered properties; he with success, and I, well, I now write in what he styled a “ small neat house, upon the Clyde ”, in the remains of the great property that my ancestor once owned.

This, and the fact that as I turned the pages of his letter books, yellowed with time, and with the well-remembered perfume of the tropics still pervading them, it seemed to me that I was re-acting once again all I went through myself when, as did he, I first turned laird, after so many years abroad.

Disputes with tenants, differences with neighbouring proprietors as to march fences, stipends of ministers, drains, fences, floods, late springs, bad harvests, politics—nothing had altered, except that he rode round his farms at Gartmore in a bob-wig and with a sword by his side, wrapped in his cloak against the rain, whilst I was dressed in a tweed suit and riding breeches, and wore a waterproof.

Born when the echoes of the '45 were still in all men's ears, when Scotland was a land so poor and so

ill-cultivated that on the whole, in comfort and well-being, it was fifty years behind her southern neighbour, he lived to see it prosperous and, in essentials, on a level with the south.

He himself left home in his youth, a raw youth, not over well provided with spare cash, and at once found himself in a position of great trust in what was then our richest colony, after Virginia and Maryland. I have endeavoured through his letters to present some picture of Jamaican life nearly two hundred years ago.

It was not admirable, nor did it err by any excess of refinement; but then communications were not easy, and the Jamaican planters lived in the middle of a negro population, to which, as it appears, they thought themselves under no obligations, except to make them Christians and in so far inheritors of the same Kingdom in the skies that baptism conferred, both on the masters and the slaves.

Manners were rather brutal, as they were in London under our Hanoverian kings, who brought their drinking habits and their fat concubines from overseas with them; but on the whole, cruelty towards their dark brethren in the Lord does not appear to have been rampant, judging by what my ancestor wrote both to his parents and his friends. Revolts were certainly put down with the strong hand, and though my ancestor never once alludes to floggings, they certainly were frequent, as other writers of the time confirm abundantly.

Still, it is not to be forgotten that the white population was in a small minority, living on a volcano that

now and then broke out into eruption, for the new Christians often came from warlike races, who wore their chains unwillingly, and though no doubt they bellowed out the hymns in church with all the fervour of their race, under the cover of the night resorted to the woods, to practise Obeah.

Well did the planters know that their dominion rested on Brown Bess, the flint-lock musket with the three-cornered bayonet, and the hand grenade, just as it rests to-day on the beneficent quick-firing gun and hawking aeroplane. So, for the most part, they lived a jovial enough life, modelled as far as possible upon the ways of the squirearchy in England. They drank their port and their Madeira which, as it is a full-bodied, gout-nurturing beverage, totally unsuited for the tropics, was their especial favourite, as it appears from letters of my ancestor's, and rounded them all off with great libations of rum-punch. For hours they sat at table eating pork and beef, washing them down with the beverages above mentioned, and were surprised that gout attacked them at an early age. In their relations with what my ancestor usually referred to as "*le beau sexe*", they had no prejudices as to the colour line, bestowing their attentions on white, black and brown with absolute impartiality, for there was even less restraint in such affairs out in the colony than there was at home.

Their houses, as a general rule, they built after the English style, and dressed in London fashions, disdaining to bow down to mere climatic influences, or isothermal lines. Although they did not know it, and

probably would have indignantly scorned the imputation, as cant of any kind was foreign to their nature, they were empire builders.

No sportsmen as a rule, they yet could ride and shoot, for all their journeys had to be performed on horseback, and those who live the life that sport is said to imitate, usually are not much taken with the simulacrum of it.

It seems curious, but is true, at least to judge from what my ancestor writes in his letters to his friends, that on the whole the planters were not unpopular amongst the negroes, whom, with exceptions, they all treated in the light of children, pensioned when they were old, and often manumitted in their wills.

This jovial life out in the colony, with all its inconveniences, had yet so firm a hold on those who followed it for any length of time, that to the last my ancestor looked back upon it with regret.

That shows that Fray Geronimo de San Joseph of the Discalced Carmelites was right when he advised none but a saint should venture to write a life of any other saint, for saints alone can understand all that their colleagues felt. And so of sinners. Thus as I read the ancient letter books, bound in rough calf and frayed with usage, looked at the portraits of my ancestor by Raeburn, Reynolds and by Pyne, I thought, perhaps by virtue of the years I passed in Entre Rios and in Uruguay that I look back upon, just as he looked back upon Jamaica, I might perchance be fitted more than any other man to understand him and to write about him.

So in the house he built upon the Clyde, and listening to the tinkling of the burn he must have listened to a thousand times, with the low south-west gales soighing amongst the swaying branches of the tall beech trees that he planted, I wrote this chronicle.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

ARDOCH,
14th February 1925.

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CHAPTER ONE

ROBERT GRAHAM, poet, politician, successful merchant in Jamaica and Lord Rector of Glasgow University, was born at Gartmore, in Perthshire, in the year 1735.

He was the second son of Nicol Graham of Gartmore, himself a man remarkable in many ways.

Nicol Graham's estate that bordered on the country of Rob Roy brought him into frequent conflict with Rob Roy himself and all the Broken Men¹ who lurked about the Highland Line after the risings known in Scotland as the '15 and the '45.

A friend of Walpole's, he was a strong adherent to the Hanoverian Succession.²

Though not a poet as was his gifted son, he was a writer of considerable repute, although in all his life he only wrote a single pamphlet.

His *Causes of the Disturbances of the Highlands* show him a man of observation and of sound common sense.

It has been often quoted in books that deal with the history of those times, and notably by Sir Walter Scott³ in the notes to *Rob Roy*.

¹ For the Broken Men, see an article in the *Scottish Historical Review* of January 1913 by R. B. Cunningham Graham, taken from family papers.

² "Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward", in the Jacobite papers preserved at Blair Castle, "Gartmore", that is, Nicol Graham, is described as "Well affected", his near kinsman, Bontine of Ardoch, as "Disaffected".

³ The pamphlet was dedicated to Walpole, and Scott quotes the following passage, perhaps the most typical it contains: "Every place is full of idle people accustomed to arms, and lazy in everything but rapine and depredations. As buddel or aqua-vitæ houses are to be found everywhere through the country, so in these they saunter away their time. . . . In short, here is no order, no authority, no government." It was written in 1747. Burt In his Letters | from a | Gentleman In The North of Scotland | To | His Friend In London | . . . | The Fifth Edition | London | Printed for

The poet's mother was Lady Margaret Cunningham, a daughter of the 12th Earl of Glencairn.

All Robert Graham's descendants knew him by the name of *Doughty Deeds*, the title of the single lyric, that has placed his name in nearly all anthologies of English¹ verse.

Probably he himself regarded his fine lyric but as a trifle thrown off in leisure, and, if he thought of such things, hoped he would be remembered by his career in Parliament,² where he enjoyed the friendship of Sheridan and Fox.

Usually men esteem themselves for qualities they lack, holding those they enjoy of little value, or not perceiving them, just as they fail to see their tricks of manner or their attitude of mind.

The old house of Gartmore, in the district of Menteith, was built, as tradition says, by the grandfather of the brothers Adam, somewhere about the year 1680. With its low flanking wings, its perron and heavy mouldings over the windows and the doors, it was a perfect specimen of a Georgian mansion of the time. In the days of the poet's youth, before extensive planting was the fashion in the north, it must have looked a little bare, although the great beech avenue possibly was growing up. Rough woods

Matt Fenner | Paternoster Row | 1818 | prints the pamphlet almost in its entirety. See Appendix II. I cannot discover if the pamphlet, which has been so largely drawn upon for all histories of the Highlands after the rising of 1745, was ever printed by itself. A buddel is the Gaelic buideal, a keg or flask. The kegs of whisky were carried on ponies to the buddel houses. Hence the name.

¹ The late Rev. Malise Cunningham Graham of St. John's, Winchester, has left an interesting musical setting of his ancestor's poem, written about 1884.

² He represented Stirlingshire from 1794 to 1796, and introduced a Bill of Rights that in some respects foreshadowed the Reform Bill of 1832.

of scrubby oak, native to that part of the country, sheltered it from the north. The six great yews that I remember as a child were probably old trees even when the poet was a boy. Great rushy parks led down to Flanders Moss, that had once been a shallow inland sea, as said tradition, and flowed up to the hill of Gartmore, where a huge stone, known as the Clach nan Lung (stone of the waves) was there to testify. Progress, typified by an enterprising or a lazy farmer, who, to save cartage, broke it up to build a wall, has eaten up the Clach nan Lung; but Flanders Moss still rolls its heathery waves between the Campsies and the Grampians. Seagulls and whaups and plovers circle over it, and thick white mists rise from its depths at certain seasons of the year, giving it a mysterious air, as of a white and steamy sea, breaking against the barriers of the two chains of hills.

All efforts to reclaim it, that is, to tame it and force its peaty soil into the servitude of crops, have turned out fruitless.

Bell heather, sweet gale and ling, with cotton grass and the bog asphodel, that sends its little shoots like flames out of the black soil, are its sole products.

A few small farms are scattered here and there over the surface, just as they were at the time of the poet's birth.

The slow and oily Forth meanders through its heart, deep, black and sullen. In days gone by, its waters, as the saying went, "bridled the wild Highlandman", for fords were few and boats were easily removed, when forays swept down from the north.

The Flanders Moss and the narrow strips of cultivated land that lie about the feet of the two encircling ranges constitute the district of Menteith. Its low-

lying lake, in whose black waters the islands with their ruined fortalice and priory hang mirrored on a still day, much as a grove of palms is shadowed in a mirage, is the chief feature of the vale.

Within the Priory church the poet's ancestors for centuries were buried. Within the castle they kept a constant outlook on the gap between the northern hills at Upper Glennie for the incursions of the Stuarts of Appin and the McGregors, their hereditary foes.

This ever-present peril, and the fact that many of the dwellers in the district spoke Gaelic as well as English, formed a type perhaps unique in Scotland.

In older days the gentry wore armour and were known as the "Riders of Menteith", and constituted the last barrier of feudal Scotland against the Highland clans, whereas the peasantry were of mixed race, having a foot in either camp.

Traces of Gaelic linger in their speech even to-day, as "larach", the grassed-over foundation of a deserted house, "skioch" for hawthorn, "baglan" for ragweed, and "flauchter feals" for the broad slabs of turf that crown the rough stone dykes.

The decaying, stag-headed chestnuts in Inchmahome, the larger of the two islands in the lake, in his time must have been vigorous trees. Ospreys built their nests in them, pine martens wandered in the woods upon the shore. The memory of the last wolf, killed at the great blocks of pudding-stone, known as the Claggans, just above Milling, the farm where Charles of ever-blessed memory was pleased to take his poor "dejune" and borrow certain monies, not repaid in the poet's time, was still a household word.

The "Forty-five", that marvellous adventure, the strangest ever undertaken by a king's son to win a

kingdom, that, had he known it, only existed in the hearts of a mere handful of wild clansmen in their tartan rags, took place when Doughty Deeds was ten years old. He must have well remembered—Gartmore was close to the Highland Line—the talk and preparations for defence, as his father Nicol was a staunch friend of Walpole and the Hanoverian succession, whilst his kinsman, Graham of Buchlyvie, took the Prince's side, according to the “pawky” custom of those days that deemed it prudent to have friends in either camp.

All through his life he must have met continually men who, as the phrase went, had been “out in the Forty-five” and fought beside their Prionsa Tearlach upon Drummossie Moor.

Rob Roy himself, whose memory haunts each hill and crag, linn, corry, baddan, shieling and clachan of the districts of Strathearn, Balquhidder and Men-teith, had scarce been dead five years before the birth of Doughty Deeds.

His son James Mór McGregor, swordsman and spy; brave as his claymore, yet subtle as a fox, whose last request when on his death-bed, exiled in Paris, and sunk in poverty, was for a set of pipes “with all their trinkums, to play some melancholy airs upon”, was still alive, intriguing, fighting, lying to the last.

His brother Robin Oig, he who bore off the heiress of the Kippen Braes to the old mansion of Lochend at the east corner of the Loch o' the Port, just where the Goodie burn flows out of it, was a wild Highland callant, practising no doubt with the long Spanish gun with which he shot McLaren of Balquhidder, between his plough-stilts, upon the moor-fowl and the roe.

In every cave and lonely shieling in the Grampians, men who had escaped the butchery on Culloden Moor skulked in danger of their lives.

Their prince himself, after a year of fabulous adventure in the Highlands, had gained the shores of France, to dissipate, in a long career of folly, the heroism that his one year of real life had woven round his name.

Men all went armed, carrying their swords as openly as their descendants carry umbrellas, and in the thatch of many of the cottages, steel pistols, known as Doune Tacks, dirks and claymores, all well oiled, lay safely, waiting the coming of the lad who never more should see the misty islands, or smell the scent of the sweet gale.

The general features of the country have remained unaltered as they must remain until the Lord has gathered up the sea. Though even then, as an old Scottish lady was once heard to say, in His great mercy, He may leave us still the hills, to comfort us.

Mists filled the corries, brown spates set the rivers roaring, and heavy rains flecked the hillsides with silver stripes, miniature waterfalls, that roared and brattled as they fell.

In summer the great stretches of the ling were all alive with humble bees; in autumn bracken turned brown, the rowan berries red, and the great leaves of sycamores, yellow and mottled, fluttered down like dying butterflies. In winter, snow choked the hill tracks and drove the deer out of Glenartney to the low country in search of food.

In the lake, as chroniclers inform us, there was great store of "pikis and of perchys", and in the River Forth the salmon were so plentiful that the servants

of the feudal gentry used to stipulate that they should not be fed upon them more than three days a week. Cattle became so thin in winter with fasting and with bleeding, for the poorer of the inhabitants used to mix their blood with their porridge when food was scarce, that they could hardly stand.

The rough, uncared-for tracks that served as roads ran just underneath the hills, as the ground there was firmer and more transitable.

Although the gentry lived in well-built houses, the peasantry had but thatched hovels with mud floors. No windows opened, and the smoke from the fire built upon the ground, blackened the rafters, giving them a look as of having been japanned, just like the roofs of Gauchos' huts, some forty years ago, in the outside "camps" of South America.

Highlanders drove black cattle down to Falkirk Tryst and knew the town but by its Gaelic name of Eaglais-Breac. Although they were supposed to be disarmed, most of them carried dirks and pistols hidden underneath their plaids. They slept beside their beasts by the roadside, at any open space where there was grazing, and followed them by day, upon their ragged Highland garrons, generally of a dun or a light chestnut colour, with long, ropy tails and manes.

The infrequent inns were known as "change", or "aqua-vitæ", or as "buddel" houses, where in the dense peat reek rough travellers gathered to consume dried mutton-hams, oatcakes and usquebagh.

Men of superior position travelled on horseback, followed by a man-servant, who carried their portmanteaus on the croup.

Travellers wore pistols and were provided with spare horse-shoes and a stout cloak rolled up behind

the saddle. They stayed the night at some friend's house upon the way, for hospitality was a necessary rather than a pleasure, and if a traveller quartered himself upon a friend, he knew he would be called upon to entertain his host, when he in his turn took the road.

The countryside, now rendered prosperous but hideous, with its neat, slate-roofed steadings, built on the model of a house drawn by an unimaginative child upon a slate, was farmed in a rough half-Highland way.

Root crops were quite unknown, and oats succeeded oats or barley in the rushy undrained fields. Potatoes were most probably grown on what is called "the lazy bed", that is, the turf was turned back with a spade, and in the furrow formed the seed was planted. It is said to have given a good crop, but naturally was very wasteful. Till modern times it still was practised in the "back-lying" districts of the north.

The ordinary fuel was peat and every farmer had his stack of it, that he "cast" in the neighbouring moss, taking it home in creels, slung on a pony's back.

Most of the farmhouses were but mere Highland shielings with thatched roofs, kept in their place by birchen poles weighted with heavy stones. The chimneys were square wooden boxes, the floors hard-beaten earth. At night they burned the Highland crusie, the little iron lamp hung from a hook, with a wick floating in a lump of grease, used almost universally at that time throughout Europe, from Norway down to Spain, in all the houses of the poor. Dried rushes steeped in grease gave a precarious twinkle, and in the Highlands, roots dug from the bogs served as a spluttering torch.

The grey slate now so universal in the north was

used but sparingly, only the better houses of the richer farmers and the gentry being roofed with it, and a rough tiling took its place in the small farms and better cottages. Windows were small in the farmhouses and never made to open, being built into the wall.

Most of the people probably knew Gaelic, speaking it sufficiently for intercourse with their wild Highland neighbours who, as the saying went, "lived up above the pass".

Spinning was universal in the cottages, and a rough country tailor fashioned the homespun material into their serviceable clothes. All wore grey knee-breeches and jackets, rough worsted stockings, heavy shoes, and on their heads blue Lowland "bonnets", and probably all carried plaids, for cloaks had fallen into disuse. In nearly every village lived a "writer", that is, a man who had sufficient knowledge of the law to draw up a rough deed. Nothing is commoner than in old "tacks" and leases to find them written out and signed, Duncan McAdam, writer in Garrochill, or James McFarlane at Rusky, writer, places that, sixty years ago, were cottaries or hamlets, but to-day are isolated farms.

Much of the business now carried on by cheques was then done in the form of bills, and these the local writers frequently drew up, the principal, if he was a farmer or a cottar, laboriously signing them either in a round text-hand or in an elaborate signature, that very probably was his sole effort with the pen.

In such surroundings, in a house that was the last of the Lowland centres, only a short mile from the Highland Line, the future poet, statesman and merchant passed his early years.

Looking out from the windows of his home, to the

left of the tall cedars, then perhaps just planted—they are shown as little trees in drawings of the time,—he could see the Grampians.

The silvery waters of the Lake of Menteith, dotted with its two dark wooded islands, shrouding the Priory of Inchmahome and of the Castle of Inch Talla, the fortress of the Earls of Menteith, the poet's ancestors, and with the fir-clad promontory of Arnmauk cutting the lake almost into two halves, lay just below the hills.

The moss that flowed right from the Hill of Gartmore through the Carse of Stirling to the sea bounded the lake upon one side. Upon the other rose Ben Dearg and Ben Dhu. Between them ran the Pass of Glennie, an old Fingalian track, whose stones, polished of yore by generations of feet shod in deerskin brogues, even to-day show white amongst the heather in places now disused, that once it traversed like a dull silver streak.

Only two miles away to the north-west, by the hill road behind the Drum, crossing the burn where the flat stones form a rude bridge, lay Aberfoyle with the change-house immortalised by Walter Scott, and its half-dozen black Highland cottages, all thatched with rushes or with ling.

A rough hill track skirting the waterfall, known as the Grey Mare's Tail, passing Craig Vadh and coming out upon the shore of Loch Achray, led to the Trossachs, in whose fastnesses lurked broken men from all the Highland clans.

Still farther westward rose Ben Lomond, looking exactly like Vesuvius, with its perfect cone and top shaped craterwise, when the white mists curled round its crest, steaming and billowing.

A dividing line, almost as abrupt as that between

Portugal and Spain upon the Minho where Tuy and Valença still glare at one another in mutual incomprehension, was drawn between the denizens of Gartmore House and the wild Highlanders, who lived only a mile or so away in the recesses of the hills. Often as he rode about Loch Ard side, if indeed a visit there was safe, young Robert Graham, passing the wretched hamlets, must have been answered by a ragged, barefooted and bareheaded boy, from whom he asked the way, “ Ha neil Sassenach ”.

Although the days of the official payment of blackmail, a practice that alone of all the proprietors on the Highland Line, the poet’s father, Nicol Graham of Gartmore, always refused to countenance, had been abolished, the Highland caterans took toll occasionally both of the flocks and herds.

In such surroundings and with the unsettled Highlands as a background, young Robert Graham passed his boyhood and his youth.

A journey now and then to Finlaystone to see his uncle, Lord Glencairn, and an occasional pilgrimage to London¹ must have comprised his travels. Such journeys certainly were made on horseback or in his father’s lumbering carriage drawn by four horses, for the roads were execrable and all the smaller streams unbridged.

It might have been expected that the wild neighbourhood, with the sharp contrast that existed between

¹ Possibly the journey to London was made by sea in a Leith smack. These smacks were large cutter-rigged vessels. Sometimes when the wind was foul they were blown over to the Dogger Bank, and remained there lying-to for a week or more. On the return journey ladies sometimes had their hair done in the latest fashion in London, and endured all the agonies of sea-sickness, till they arrived at Leith, without taking it down. One hopes they had their reward in Edinburgh society.

the Highlands and the Low Country, the difference of language and of life, the hills, the moors, the lochs, and all the legends of the past that he was certain to have heard from old retainers, would have impressed themselves upon a boy and formed his character.

Perhaps they did so. Who shall sound the human heart? Even its own directing brain appears at times to be at fault, when it sets up to judge.

In all his letters from the West Indies, during an exile of ten years, no phrase escapes him, touching on scenes and men he must have known, on the wild Highland Line.

CHAPTER TWO

MYSTERIOUS messengers from St. Germains must have passed through the district of Menteith to try and fan the embers of a decaying Jacobitism amongst the broken clans, during the poet's youth.

Loyalist gentlemen, whose loyalty had displayed itself during the '45 by nightly imperilling their lives in their potations of port wine and punch, still passed their glasses over the water bottle, when the health of him they called the "Wee, Wee German Lairdie" was toasted after dinner, with an air of martyrdom. Ageing, but sentimental, spinsters still treasured locks of hair of the Young Chevalier, who must have been as well endowed with curls as Absalom, to judge by the supply that has survived. Men who had fought at Falkirk and at Prestonpans, had marched to Derby, and had remained in hiding for a year or two after Culloden, were living quietly on their estates. Their coachmen, gamekeepers and gardeners, old soldiers who had served under them, perhaps without a superabundance of enthusiasm, but because it was the "Laird's wull", were to be found in almost every shire.

These, having squared their conscience to the fashion of the times, either had sworn allegiance to the reigning house of Guelf, or else lived unmolested, without perjuring themselves, by the connivance of their friends.

About the Trossachs, in Braemar, and round the Moor of Rannoch, there still lurked outlaws, who were too poor to make their peace, too deeply dipped in

treason, or who did not care to settle down and work, as long as there were cattle to be stolen, or country folk who fed them on the sly.

Young Robert Graham surely must have heard the lamentable fate of Dr. Cameron, brother to Lochiel, concerned in the mysterious affair about the treasure of Loch Achray, captured at Brenachoil upon Loch Katrine and beheaded at the Tower, to the eternal shame and the disgrace of George II. and his Ministers.

Rumours that the Prince himself had been in London or in Edinburgh, disguised but still apparently (as is the wont of those in danger of their lives) with but such scant precaution that his adherents instantly recognised him, must have been discussed in every country house.

From early youth the poet's face seems to have been turned towards the south, to London where Pope and Swift had not long disappeared, and where the stars of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and Reynolds were just rising in the firmament.

Nor is this to be wondered at, for the cult for the Highlands was quite unknown before the days of Walter Scott. Those who lived near the Highland Line looked on the inhabitants "above the pass" as the early settlers in Vermont and Maine looked on the Indians. There was in neither case any good Highlander or Indian, unless he happened to be dead.

Still, just as in the early days in Maine and in Vermont relations to a limited extent had to be carried on with their wild neighbours, so probably a modicum of Gaelic had to be acquired, although the knowledge of it may have been looked on as a thing not to be

boasted of, after the fashion of some Englishmen, who, born in foreign countries, confess unwillingly to an acquaintance with the language, saying, "Oh, yes, I do speak it", just as a man admits regretfully that he is threatened with a cold.

Of course, the friendship of Walpole for his father may have influenced Doughty Deeds, but as a general rule those Scottish families who were favourable to the Hanoverian succession, in a way denationalised themselves. In speech, in dress and in deportment they followed English fashions, laughed at tradition, and held the Celtic legends as mere fairy tales. All this was natural enough in a country such as the Scotland of those days, backward and poor, and that had only just emerged from a fierce civil strife.

From his earliest youth down to the time when as a friend of Sheridan and Fox, he introduced the Bill of Rights, a precursor of the Reform Bill of 1832, my ancestor professed what to-day would be known as Liberal principles. Later in life, he expressed himself as favourable to the ideas of the French Revolution, and throughout his long career in the West Indies, he constantly bewailed his lot, cast in a land of slaves.

These principles and these ideas, quite naturally made him indifferent to old things and old traditions, and in a way Anglicised him, as they did nearly all the Hanoverian gentry.

In those days Scottish gentlemen never dressed themselves in kilts. It is even doubtful if the Highland chiefs, men such as Cluny and Lochiel, ever endued themselves with what nowadays has come to be considered the garb and vesture of Old Gaul.

Possibly now and then they donned the kilt to appeal to the spirit of their followers, as did Charles Edward Stuart on the march to Derby, leading the Highland Host. Certainly Lowland gentlemen would as soon have thought of wearing such a dress as would a settler in the New England States have thought of taking off his small-clothes and his wig and masquerading as a Tuscarora or an Iroquois, with his face painted blue.

Such feelings must have been the keenest on the Highland border where the two races and conflicting civilisations found themselves face to face, just as they do upon all frontiers to-day.

The Lowlander called the Highlander a savage, because he did not at once throw off all the traditions of a thousand years and don a bobwig, wear silk stockings and carry a malacca cane.

Upon the other hand, the Highlander styled his neighbour a mere “bodach”, a Gaelic word difficult to translate, but meaning one unapt for arms and field sports and with a soul dead to tradition and to poetry.

Both, naturally, were wrong about each other, as is the wont of those who set about to judge their neighbours, from their own point of view. One thing is certain, that the customs of each set of men were best for them, and what was good for one, might easily become rank poison for the other, crammed down his throat by force.

In those days men went out into the world and played their part, when now they would be almost children, so it is not surprising that at fourteen years of age, Doughty Deeds, together with his elder brother William, matriculated at Glasgow

University.¹ Scottish Universities have always been more modelled upon those of France or Germany than upon Oxford or on Cambridge. The absence of colleges in which the students lived, and where in a way they were influenced by traditions drawn from life in the monasteries of the Middle Ages, tended to make their tone more democratic and, at the same time, both to fit young men to fill their future places in the world and to develop intellectually, far sooner than was possible in the great English Universities with their more shielded life.

Youths of all ranks and stations crowded the lecture rooms, sitting cheek by jowl. The sons of lairds and peers attended classes with poor students who not infrequently had to work hard throughout their university career to earn their daily bread. In Scotland, from the remotest times, ignorance was always held as a disgrace, and neither birth nor riches saved a man from ridicule, if he turned out a dunce. Social distinctions, then as now, weighed little in comparison with brains, and if the finished product had not so fine a varnish as that produced upon the Isis or the Cam, few cared to pass their time in idleness, for which, indeed, there were not many opportunities, as nearly all the social side of life was wanting, and sport appears to have been quite unknown.

When young men left the university they were sure to be well grounded in what was known as the "Humanities", that is, a study of the classics, had a fair tincture of mathematics, and knew at least sufficient book-keeping, generally self-acquired, to fit

¹ They matriculated under Professor Andrew Rosse, and their tutor was Professor Richardson, with whom Robert kept up friendship all his life.

themselves for a commercial life. To engage in business or in trade, brought no disgrace with it.

Nothing was commoner in those days than for the sons of landed gentry, even of peers, to seek employment in a Glasgow counting-house.

The ending of the wars on the continent of Europe had deprived young Scotsmen of a source of employment open for centuries to them. The Darien scheme had failed, and Nova Scotia afforded few opportunities for an ambitious youth.

Australia and New Zealand were unknown except to a few adventurous navigators. India and Jamaica were the two fields open to those who had to seek for fortune, and these the Scottish youth of those days took full advantage of, making them peculiarly their own. To India went out many of the young Scotsmen who were denied the opportunity of fighting on the Continent. They have left their names written upon the history of the conquest of all Hindostan. To India went John Graham, Doughty Deeds' younger brother, who later on fought at Assaye¹ and left a portrait of himself by Pyne, depicting him holding a dun charger that looks as if it were a Kathiawari, with the battle in the second plane raging most furiously.

Doughty Deeds himself chose the pacific field of the West Indies, a field well tilled by the younger sons of all the Scottish gentry of the day. Jamaica was the Ophir² of the West of Scotland in those

¹ As goes the family tradition.

² "The natives of Scotland and of Ireland seem to thrive much better than the European English. They bring sounder constitutions, and are much sooner provided for by their countrymen established in the island.

"Jamaica, indeed, is greatly indebted to North Britain, as very near

times. Upon its sugar-fields and by the agency of its slave labour, Glasgow slowly emerged from its primeval state of a small borough town, to be a business centre, rivalling and soon surpassing Bristol in its West Indian trade.

Jamaica Street speaks of its rise upon the commerce of the island and with the Spanish Main.

Many of the West Country Scottish families who now boast of their pedigrees and have their name in Burke and in Debrett, were merchants trading to Jamaica, or planters established in the island, only a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. If they had been endowed with any sense of humour, they might have taken for their crest a hogshead, and quartered in their arms a ledger gules, flanked by a negro proper, showing a cat-o'-nine-tails in the dexter chief, upon a sugar-field. Young Robert's father's cousin, Mr. Bontein, held the office at that time of Clerk of the Court in Kingston, and was a man of substance in the island. So to Jamaica the future poet was inevitably drawn. Most of his father's neighbours had their younger sons employed in some capacity or other in the colony, which was full of his compatriots, for in the long correspondence that he maintained, both with his family and on business matters from Kingston, hardly a name occurs that is not Scotch. In the year 1752, when scarcely more than seventeen, he bade good-bye to the old

one-third of the inhabitants are natives of that country or descendants from those who were. To say the truth, they are so clever and prudent that they make their way through every obstacle" (Long's *History of Jamaica*, London, 1774, vol. ii. p. 286). "God gie us a gude conceit o' ousrels" has always been a Scottish rogation. It is quite generally unnecessary, for Nature has done her work most thoroughly.

Georgian mansion that looked out across the Flanders Moss, flanked by the Grampians with all their peaks, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, Schiehallion and Ben More, and set out westward, to find that new world, that every youth is destined to discover for himself. Most probably he sailed from Greenock in one of the fast brigs that plied from that port to the West Indies in those days, and usually were convoyed, for hostilities were constant, either with France or Spain, and near the islands pirates were always to be feared. He did not go unprovided, as was the lot of most young Scotchmen of those days.

A curious state of things existed in the island, where at that time, although the taxes were not exactly farmed out as they were in France, offices were held by men who lived in England and exercised their trust through deputies. No system was more likely to afford occasion for abuses, as naturally the deputy, if he was not a man of probity, had opportunities for peculation that he was hardly likely to resist.

Whether young Robert Graham actually went out at the age of seventeen to exercise the office of Receiver-General of the Taxes, I have no means of finding out. One thing is certain, that by the records of the island he held the office in the year 1753, only a year after he had arrived. He was deputed to the office by a Mr. Thomas Graham, no doubt either a relation of his father's, or at the least a member of the clan. This Mr. Thomas Graham had been a previous holder of the office, but had retired from it and lived in Westminster.

As Robert Graham married a daughter of Mr. Patrick Taylor, who had himself been deputy for

three years in 1743, having received the post from the original patentee,¹ the whole affair appears to have been a job to keep the office in the family.

The results might have been most unfortunate for the families of the island, had not the youthful holder of the office turned out to be a man of most unusual ability, steady and wise beyond his years.

¹ This gentleman's name I have been unable to ascertain.

CHAPTER THREE

EXACTLY in what year young Robert Graham sailed for the Island of Jamaica, I cannot verify, but his earliest letter in his letter book is dated 1753, and addressed to his mother, Lady Margaret Graham.¹ Quite evidently written not long after he arrived, it is the letter of a young man with all the recollections and the influences of his home still strong upon him, and before the cares of business and of life had claimed him for their own.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA,
August 30th, 1753.

. . . I have a thousand questions to ask. I suppose by this time Henry (Henrietta²) begins to have her admirers, if she is as great a Beauty and as great a Cocquet as when I left Scotland, and she may do an infinite deal of Damage amongst the Beau part of the Creation.

His heart was evidently still at home, in the Scotland of the little rushy "parks", the rain, the mists and the old house with its warm fires, looking out on the Flanders Moss.

The Scotland he had left was changing then so rapidly that he could hardly have recognised it on his return. His father, Nicol Graham, passed his youth in a land where every one bore arms, or at least carried swords,—a country where the Highland caterans still raided now and then, although the raids were but to carry off a cow or two. He himself had hanged a few of the robbers, it was said, and three large blocks of

¹ Daughter of the 12th Earl of Glencairn.

² Afterwards married to Sir Robert Dalzell of Binns.

pudding-stone, upon the north side of the great beech avenue, marked where the gallows stood.

Rob Roy himself had been imprisoned for a night in the ruined castle of Gartartan in the grounds of Gartmore House. At least tradition said so, but I doubt it, for my ancestor Laird Nicol would, I am certain, have "made siccar" and incontinently strung him up, if he had been so lucky as to get him in his power.

To the young man accustomed to the harsh, wild climate of the north, the short and rainy summers and the interminable winters with their snows and frosts, rough winds and want of sunshine, the scanty vegetation of the Grampians and the air of poverty that must in those days have brooded over rural Scotland, the change to the rich fertile island in the tropics must have seemed magical. As the ship beat into the harbour of Port Royal through the short, choppy waves that always vex the Caribbean Sea, setting up shoals of flying fish before her bows, that fluttered through the balmy air to fall, a shower of topazes and emeralds in the bright sunshine, such sunshine as he could not have dreamed of in his northern mists, he must have leaned upon the taffrail, and felt that he was born again into a new world. The barracoutas and the albacores, the black, triangular fins of sharks rising out of the depths to disappear almost before the on-looker has had time to feel their menace, the shoals of nautiluses, and the great sea birds, floating like gigantic butterflies, with scarce a movement of their outstretched wings in the still air, he must have felt he had discovered and been the first of all mankind to gaze upon them. Most probably he did not know that in reality he had discovered them for himself, and

that in all the years he was to pass within the tropics, he would never see them as he had first beheld them whilst the brig slowly tacked into the bay.

Port Royal with its ramshackle wooden houses, its palm trees, sandy streets filled with a chattering crowd of negroes, the negresses with coloured handkerchiefs worn turbanwise around their heads, the naked, jet-black children sprawling on the ground, the bales of goods and casks of rum piled in the barracoons, the hogsheads of sugar, the mules and scraggy horses pulling the light waggons, all must have struck the raw young Scotchman with amazement as he gazed upon them for the first time. A population dressed in white or, in those days of slavery, scarcely dressed at all, must have indeed seemed strange to one accustomed to the decent broadcloth of the Trongate of the Glasgow of those days. Then as the vessel entered the lagoon and opened up the Palisadoes on the right, stretching a natural breakwater of sand across the harbour, for the first time the rich, dank odour of the tropics, that once smelt is not to be forgotten during life, was wafted on the breeze. The light, white haze that in the tropic mornings rises diaphanous and subtle, blending dilapidated huts, palm trees and mangrove swamps into a picture such as no artist's pencil ever has compassed and sets imagination all afire to penetrate its mystery, making the dullest long to go ever forward and explore the land that it half hides and half reveals, must have appealed most powerfully to one born in the grim, grey north.

Towering above the town, distant, but in the bright clear air, appearing almost within reach, the peaks of the Blue Mountains, that in some conditions of the atmosphere appear to cast their shadow nearly to the

sea, surely reminded him of Ben Ledi and of Ben Venue.

If the first sight of the coast in a tropic country is unforgettable, so is the landing, with the strange faces, soon to become familiar and unremarked.

Young Robert Graham found himself indeed in a new world. The negroes and the half-caste population, with their bewildering shades of colour, their strange and broken English, for many of them in his time must have come straight from the Congo and Angola, and probably amongst themselves spoke their own languages, as was the case in Rio and Bahia only forty years ago, were strangely different from the sober natives of the city on the Clyde.

Their gestures, animation, their loud laughter and their soft voices, must have attracted him. Groups of men from the French and Spanish islands no doubt were there, their schooners with their tapering masts, light bulwarks and trimmed a little by the stern, sitting like ducks upon the water, must have tied up alongside the wooden wharf, or anchored out in the lagoon. Even the little isle of Curaçoa may have been represented, with its inhabitants speaking the jargon known as Papiamento composed of Spanish, English, Dutch and Carib, in about equal parts.

Negroes rolled casks of rum and sugar up an inclined plank into the hold of ships, watched by men dressed in white, who left their horses, thin wiry animals, the descendants of the mares sent by My Lord Protector, either tied to hitching posts, or in the care of slaves who trotted on beside their stirrups, till they were required.

Dust, noise and jabber formed a Babel, and, blended with the scent of rum and sugar, rose the penetrating

odour of the Bouquet d'Afrique, pungent and nauseating to Europeans, just as the smell of the European is nauseating to his black brothers in the Lord.

His earliest letters to his family relate the experiences most young men have upon first coming to the tropics. On February 17, 1757, writing from Kingston, he writes to his mother.

Right Honble LADY MARGARET GRAHAM,

DEAR MADAM,

. . . I am not surprised at not hearing from you for these 8 or 9 months past, for from my own opinion I know that unless there are severall duplicates of the same Letter, its a great many chances to one if you hear for 4 or 5 Voyages how a friend in Jamaica does. Indeed for my Share I have hardly been able to write you for these 6 or 7 months past, for every Disease thats incident to this climate has attacked me with all its malignity, Fevers, Agues, Bellyaches, etc., etc., for some time past have been my frequent companions; but at length by the care of some very friendly Ladys and the Power of Medicine and the Strength of my Constitution, I have att length gott the Better of it. I am again Sett upon my legs; but with a Constitution far inferior to that of the Sturdy Highlander you was sometime ago acquainted with.

He was indeed "paying the Chapetonada",¹ as the phrase went in what were, in his day, the Spanish Colonies.

At the time he wrote this letter the country about Gartmore must have been much disturbed, for it was not much more than ten years since the '45. For all that it did not seem to interest him, although his affection for the district was evidently strong.

¹ "Pagar la chapetonada". It meant passing through the sickness at that time incidental to all new arrivals in the tropics.

In the same year he writes his mother:

DEAR MADAM,

. . . When one writes as I do only to say I hope you are well and to tell you I never was better in my life, it has so little the air of a Letter from Jamaica, that I could almost persuade myself that I'm within a day's Ride or two of Gartmore. . . .

My Duty to my Father and Grandmother.

I am,

With the greatest affection,
Dear Madam,

R. G.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA.

By this time he seems to have got rid of the diseases strong that had attacked him on his first coming to the Isle of Waters and of Woods.¹

He does not say in any of his letters in what sort of a house he lived, or if it was in Kingston or outside. Most probably he lived somewhere in or about Constant Springs or on the edge of the Liguanea Plain, for then, as now, all who could afford to live outside the town had a country bungalow surrounded by a hedge of crotons, and with great pink or yellow creepers climbing up the walls.

It does not seem to have occurred to him that his friends at home could take the smallest interest how he lived. Neither in all his correspondence, and it is most voluminous, does he say anything about the flowers, the palm trees or the fruits, all of them so different from the cast-iron flora of the Clyde. One thing he did not do : that was to eat the bread of idleness. In that he was a true and perfect Scotsman, for few of that race care much for the "Dolce far

¹ This is said to have been the meaning of the word Jamaica in the Carib tongue.

niente",¹ or to eat "La Sopa Boba",² even when they get the chance.

His first commercial venture off his own bat was to put some money in a privateer.

Writing to Thomas Graham, Esq., who, I think, was his uncle, he said:

... I have ventured a small Sum in a Privateer, which was fitted out from Portroyal. She has already taken two French Sloops and the last account we had from her she had sailed for Hispaniola with an Intention to cut a large French Indigo [ship?]. If she be fortunate all the concerned will be considerably in pockett and if not my Share is so inconsiderable that I shall think of it as an advice not to depend upon fortune when I can do otherways. R. G.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA,
17th February, 1757.

¹ This matter of the bread of idleness sometimes manifests itself in ways we think unusual in our chaste native land.

During the last Armageddon a lady took in Belgian refugees. They all turned out unsatisfactory guests. At last there came two girls of twenty or two-and-twenty years of age. Well-mannered, quietly dressed, and satisfied with everything, they gave no trouble for a month. The lady's neighbours envied her good luck, for most of them had the Belgians they deserved. After a month the girls sought out the lady, who sat at her writing-table winning the war assiduously, after the fashion of the Home Front, and demanded speech of her.

"Madame," they said, "we are not of those who eat the bread of idleness. Our papers are in order from the Brussels Police." They drew them from their bags. "Madame Clementine, our late employer, here in these letters", they held them out to the bewildered lady, "speaks to our good character. Madame, as we have said, we are not idlers, therefore pray be so good as to introduce us to some gentlemen."

In the afternoon, when the good lady had returned the nymphs to the Central Bureau in her motor-car, she said, "I almost wept at parting with Raymonde and Geneviève. Of all the Belgians that I ever had, they were the best."

² La Sopa Boba was the soup served out to the poor at monasteries and convents in mediæval Spain.

Robert Graham appears to have been in the Receiver-General's Office from the first, probably in some subordinate capacity.

The collection of the taxes seems at that time to have been a scandal. In 1758, after the experience of but a single year, when he himself was about twenty-three, he writes a letter to Sir Alexander Grant, showing he had a perfect understanding of what was going on.

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, BART.

DEAR SIR,

. . . I had in the cruellest manner, for besides being always harrazed with importunate Dunns, the inconsiderate part of the world, always the greatest, attribute to the office what is in reality, owing to a wrong method in collecting the Taxes and a visible want of Currency to support and bring about that condition which is requisite in a Community so much dependent upon Trade.

R. G.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA,
20th June, 1758.

On reading such a letter one is struck with the fact that in those days young men grew up and faced the world and all its problems at a far earlier age than in our own more shielded and comfortable times. At such an age to-day a young man in a colony is chiefly occupied with sport, and that, too, in a time when sport of every kind is artificial and expensive, and competition more intense in every sphere of life. Nothing was further from the mind of Robert Graham than sport. He loved a good horse, as letters of his show, but he made all such matters secondary and would have probably been amazed that a young man should leave his country for a colony, and having got

there, waste his time. In reading all his letters, and not only his, but the letters of young men in India at the time, one is struck instantly with the fact that the Peter Pan attitude to life is modern in its growth.

In a letter to his brother only a year his senior he writes:

To WILLIAM GRAHAM, Esqr.

DEAR BROTHER,

Against my inclination I am sett down to write you a short letter. I intended it a very long one, but have got orders to attend a Committee within an hour, hence I need not tell you how much pleasure your letter gave me. The French I cannot answer tho' I still understand it. You appear to me to write it with great ease. How vastly you have got ahead of me in everything. For my Spanish which I once understood pretty well, I have now changed into a villainous species of Portuguese spoke by all the Jews in the Island, with whom the Byssines of the office obliges me to have frequent intercourse.

R. G.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA,

18th September 1758.

This is the letter of a man, not of a raw youth, who saw nothing in colonial life, but its diversions.

Jamaica always had a large Hebrew colony, though why they should all have spoken Portuguese rather than Spanish is difficult to see. In another letter of about the same time he sends his brother Indian curiosities.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, Esqr.

. . . By a vessel which sailed a few days ago from the Musquito Shore I sent you a parcel of Bows and Arrows, the Indians there make them better and are

more dextrous in the use of them than any other people in Africa or America. R. G.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA.

Soon, though, more serious matters were to occupy his mind. In a most curious letter to his father, he gives a brief account of an insurrection of the negroes, that deluged all the colony with blood.

NICOL GRAHAM, Esqr., of Gartmore.

DEAR SIR,

Among the many disagreeable things that I have known in this Country I don't think any of them equals our present situation, for we are now and have been for some time past harassed and fatigued with an entestine enemy.

The Negroes¹ in several Parishes have rose in a state of Rebellion ; killed and murdered a number of People and burned and ruined many opulent plantations and notwithstanding that we are day [by day ?] Burning, Hanging and Gibetting the prisoners that are taken I do not find that we shall be soone able to recover our former tranquility. The whole Island has for some time past been in very great confusion. Martial Law has been again and again proclaimed and every body without distinction has been obliged to take up Arms to destroy the Common Enemy.

¹ This was the celebrated revolt of the Coromantins under Jacky, the Obeah-man. It broke out in St. Ann's parish. In Kingston the negroes named a negress called Cabeah, queen of Kingston. She sat under a canopy with a robe of state and a crown, dispensing what she considered justice. After many adventures she was caught and executed. Jacky, who seems to have been an able bush fighter, was shot by a Lieutenant Davy as they were both running at full speed. Two of the negro ringleaders, Fortune and Kingston, were hung up in chains alive. Fortune lived seven days and Kingston nine. Long, in his *History of Jamaica*, says: "They behaved all the time with a degree of hardened insolence and brutal insensibility". No doubt their followers considered they were martyrs. We at least can say that they died game.

My trouble it is true has been trifling for as the Governor appointed me one of his Aid de Camps, my Military Service consists more of parade than any real duty. . . .

Please remember my Complements to all friends.
And Believe me to be,
Dear Sir,
D. and Af. Son,

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA,
10th June 1760.

R.-G.

The letter is instructive in several ways. The raw Scottish youth had evidently blossomed out into a man who already felt himself a person of some consequence. The whole style of the letter is so extraordinarily unlike that of any letter that would be written to-day by a young man, telling his father of the progress of a bloody insurrection, that it seems the writing of a man of different nationality.

In the first place, there is no cant. No single word as to the cruel necessity we were under of taking human life. "We are day (by day) Burning, Hanging and Gibetting the prisoners that are taken." This is set down, apparently without a qualm or with the least idea that his father, a wealthy country gentleman and of course a justice of the peace, would be the least astonished at it. It is true that old Laird Nicol was credited by tradition with having strung up incontinently several of the Broken Men who lurked about the Highland Line. Still he did not burn them, leaving that portion of their doom in the hands of a higher power.

His son, however, states the fact without any attempt at extenuation of the horror of it.

The age in which he lived was not exactly tender-

hearted, and, most probably, the revolting negroes had committed equal horrors on the prisoners they took.

Throughout the reigns of the four Georges, cant seems to have been unknown. If men burned prisoners alive, they said so, without pretending that they were influenced by any other motive but revenge, or to strike terror for their own security.

On the whole it was a manly, if a brutal attitude, and preferable by far to that of those who, less than thirty years ago, blew up the Matabele in the Matoppo Hills, all in the name of progress and an all-red route from Cairo to the Cape.

If cant was absent, so were heroics. There is not a word about the heroism of our gallant countrymen, no single episode, well spiced and seasoned thick with adjectives, telling of the heroic deeds of Captains Dash or Brown. No, we burned and gibbeted and hung, and are abominably "harassed", and, notwithstanding all our efforts, it will take some time before we shall recover our former tranquillity.

Even the call to arms "without distinction" brings forth no bluster and no hint of any danger he had run as "Aid de Camp" to the Governor. In fact it is a letter of the kind that we are generally pleased to call so English, although the writer, by the unfortunate accident of birth, was quite outside the pale.

All these disagreeable incidents of burning, gibbeting and hanging are treated much in the same way as the fevers and the bellyaches that he complained of in a former letter. The climate of Jamaica seemed to be a greater cross than any of the above misfortunes, for writing in July 1761 to Thomas Alard Princke, Esq., he says, "Jamaica is the most disagreeable climate in the world".

In reality it is one of the most agreeable to be found. Never too hot except in Kingston or Port Royal, the range of the Blue Mountains keeps the whole island cool and affords plenty of hill stations to which the residents can retire during the summer heats.

Doughty Deeds lived to regret the climate of Jamaica in middle life, when, domiciled at Ardoch as a Scottish laird, he had to face the long grey, sunless days and biting winds. Many a time as he watched raindrops coming down the window-panes, and felt the whole house rocking in the winter gales, he must have cursed the climate of the north.

As he knew Spanish, he may have brooded on the old saw, *No hay sabor sin sol.*¹

¹ There is no savour without sun.

CHAPTER FOUR

IT was indeed an age when men faced the world in youth and took upon themselves responsibilities that nowadays are all reserved for middle age. Youths of eighteen and twenty commanded battleships during the French War, and it is said Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, then eighteen years of age, and in command of a smart frigate in his father's fleet, having manœuvred his ship badly, was soundly flogged by his enraged commander and progenitor.

Pitt, as we know, was Premier at the age of twenty-four, and nearly every one of Nelson's captains was under middle age.

Mountstuart Elphinstone arrived in India at the mature age of fifteen, and instantly took up work that nowadays would be considered only fit for a man of some experience of the world.

His subsequent career was perhaps the most glorious of any of our Indian administrators. Whilst still a youth, he assisted at the battle of Assaye, where he laid the foundation of his lifelong friendship with the Duke of Wellington, ended alone by death.

His family and that of the young Robert Graham were friends and neighbours, and have continued so down to the present day.

With youth employed on all sides, taking its share of the world's work, it was not wonderful that in a year from the date of his first arrival in the island, we find Robert Graham installed Receiver-General of the Taxes of the colony. He was then scarcely twenty years of age. The tropics and responsibility

had made a man of him. From that time forth he wrote no more boyish letters to his mother complaining of the climate and its incidental maladies. Certainly he had had the experience of the insurrection, and the wholesale execution of the negroes, and such sort of things speedily take the Peter Panism out of a young man.

Although he came of a Whig family and all his life professed his admiration of Liberal ideals, still he was thrust into a society that never questioned slavery. It seemed, of course, as natural as any other institution, and it is probable that if there were men in Jamaica who attacked the system, they were looked upon with the half-shuddering contempt with which the ordinary Englishman looked on a pacifist during the late war.

So he writes to his correspondent Captain James Lowrie "at the Musquito Coast" about the sale of a negro woman, in the same terms he might have used in sending him a mule.

SIR,

At the Recomendation of my friend Mr. McLean, I use the freedom of consigning to you a Negroe Woman named Mary who washes extremely well and has severall other Qualifications which the Purchaser will be soon able to discover, but is endowed with such a surprizing facility of speech that I found it impossible to put up with it any longer. She formerly lived with Mr. Brerton who can tell more of her. You will please dispose of her to the best advantage and remitt me the proceeds. . . . R. G.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA,

14th July, 1760.

Poor Mary's facility of speech was evidently her undoing.

Had the times been ripe for it, her place was clearly marked out, as the member for the Washer-women's Union, in a Parliament, where she could have held forth with as much prolixity as if she were a man.

What her other "Qualifications", not specially set forth in the letter to the Musquito Coast, were, we can only guess at, and hope her purchaser soon found them out.

At the time that my ancestor penned the letter, he was only just of age. It reads as if it came from an old dealer in black ivory.¹

How callous the whole system rendered even humane men can be seen by the following paper of "Directions for Shipping negroes from the Coast", sent by my ancestor to Mr. Robert Cleghorn of Montego Bay (Jamaica) and dated May 23, 1761.

You are when the Vessel enters to swear the Captain that no Salt Water or Salt Water mixed as Fresh has been given to any of the Negroes to drink during their passage from Africa to the Island. For so the Law requires.

To these directions there is a note, "No duty charged on Slaves that died unsold".

Why salt water should have been mixed with fresh is difficult to understand, except in the case of water running short. It would be manifestly to the interest of a captain to land his cargo in good health, and water could not have been scarce in Africa.

What the poor devils suffered on the voyage is known to every one who reads the history of the times.

Yet custom is so strong that even clergymen saw no disgrace in putting money into a flutter in black

¹ A Cargo of Black Ivory was the phrase used by slavers for a cargo of negroes.

ivory. Of course they found plenty of texts to back them up in the Old Testament, for in those days Christians believed in the whole Bible, and did not treat it after the fashion of a sacred lucky-bag, accepting parts and utterly rejecting others that clashed with their ideals.

It is to be set down to the credit side of my ancestor's account that only once in all his letters does he condemn the system that he fattened on.

In the present instance "the Law requires" served him in lieu both of the Old and the New Testament, as it does most of us.

He was now well established in the society of the island. His kinsman Mr. Bontein, the Clerk of the Court, held an assured position, and no doubt helped the young Receiver-General with his long experience of the colony.

The office of Clerk of the Court in the island of Jamaica seems to have been both honourable and remunerative.

The gross profits of the office¹ according to the fees established by a special act of Assembly passed in his favour were per annum about £9500 Jamaica Currency.

So at least Mr. Bontein himself declared in 1763, in an examination held into his administration of the office.

The whole expenses of the office (patentee and everything else included²) were about £1500. The Deputy's clear income therefore was £8000.

¹ *History of Jamaica*, Edward Long. T. Lowndes, London, 1774.

² It appears that Mr. Bontein held the office from a patentee, and paid him £1500 (Jamaica currency) for the privilege. This is plain from the fact that he is referred to in his examination as "The Deputy".

He further declared that the fees, excluding those allowed by the law of 1711, amounted to about £3000.

The finding of the Court was that

... the clear profit would have been to the deputy, according to the fees established by this last mentioned law, was £5000 . . . and the assembly were persuaded in compliment to Mr. Bontein to pass an act in his favour.

A Mr. Gordon, who had officiated in the office since Mr. Bontein's had expired, after calculating the wages of clerks at £612 per annum to the Patentee for rent (*sic*) £420, and to the same in presents as Rum, Turtle, Sweetmeats, etc., £168, that there remained £7000 for the Deputy.

One wonders what was the proportion of rum to the turtle and sweetmeats of the presents, and if it stood in the same ratio as Falstaff's sack to his modicum of bread.

The sweetmeats probably were guava jelly and preserved ginger. Still, even taking all into account, the office of Clerk of the Court seems to have been well remunerated. Probably the Receiver-General had equal or perhaps superior opportunities of growing rich. Robert Graham held the office from 1753 to 1764, according to the records of the island. This would make him just eighteen years of age when he first entered on his duties, as he was born in 1735.

To entrust such an office to a youth under legal age would seem impossible to us who live in more shielded times, but taking into consideration some of the instances I have referred to, it seems more probable.

At any rate it shows of what stuff and what metal were composed those who in ages past built up the Empire we have inherited.

Installed in his considerable office and in receipt of a good income, it is probable that Robert Graham set about early in his career to acquire property. As he was a member of the Assembly in after years, for the district of St. David's, he probably had an estate in the constituency, although he never mentions it in any of his letter-books. He had, indeed, a property called Roaring River, of which voluminous accounts exist, setting forth the price of negroes and of mules, dealings in sugar and in rum, expenses of administration and the like, kept carefully down to the last years of his life.

Amidst his many occupations, including those of his office, his frequent commercial ventures to the other islands, and the Spanish Main, his personal affairs, and the vast correspondence that he maintained with all his friends at home, he yet had time and was sufficient of a sportsman to admire the points of a good horse. Writing to "James Claude Sholto Douglas, Kingston, Jamaica, 7 February, 1761", he says:

DEAR SIR,

I was favoured with your letter from Larovia, and at the same time informed of the arrival of Sultan who has none of the ——¹ which we imagined so greatly due to one of his graceful Appearance. I have had him very well looked after ever since he came up and he now begins to recover his spirits, but the general opinion is that no horse of his make can ever make a figure as a runner. It is certain that he suffered much in passing the mountains, his legs swelled prodigiously, his spirits generally depressed and the whole Horse altered. Doct. Russell who you know is something warm, affirms that he is the finest Nag that ever

¹ Missing word may be "points" or "qualities".

was, or ever shall be and absolutely desired to (challenge) a brother officer to measure swords with him, for saying that he had seen handsomer horses. The affair was made up upon the Young Gentleman giving a promise never to sett his foot for the future in my stables. . . . Sultan has undoubtedly a fault, which neither of us observed. He cutts before and behind which is a very bad circumstance. I shall notwithstanding have him in keeping for some weeks longer and see what he can be brought to. R. G.

I am afraid my ancestor was a better public official and business man than a judge of horseflesh. It was decidedly "a very bad circumstance" that Sultan "cutt before and behind", though whether he was a speedy cutter or merely brushed, we are not specially informed.

Why Sultan's legs should have swelled prodigiously by merely having crossed the mountains is difficult to say. Presumably, as he appears to have been valuable, he was led, not ridden, and though a led horse may break his feet on mountain roads, there is no reason that his legs should swell. My ancestor evidently was done. "Doct. Russell" does indeed seem to have been a "warm member", as people of his kidney might say nowadays. His faith was great, for it is never safe to prophesy regarding horses, or to "affirm", even if you are prepared to give your reasons "at point of Fox", that any individual horse is Nature's masterpiece, and at his birth she broke the stamp.

Merely for the satisfaction of San Giorgio, who in the Agro Romano¹ (and perhaps elsewhere) is the

¹ In the Olympus of the Campagna, I think it must be situated in a spot in the heavens just above Mont Cava, Sant' Enrico protects cows and cowherds, San Silvestro mules, Santa Ninfa flies, San Bernardo cats and San Severino mice.

patron saint of horses, one would have liked to know what Sultan looked like, his colour, breeding, and, above all things, if in the future he made good.

My ancestor deals but little with the small things of life, that in sum total work out greater than the larger matters, which at first sight seem so important.

Therefore he never set down a single word about the kind of house he lived in, the vegetation that surrounded him, the glories of Bog Walk with its tree-ferns and tumbling waters, the evening shadows on the Blue Mountains' slopes, or the great groves of cocoa palms that grow with their feet just lapped by the Caribbean waves, and their heads in the full fire of the sun.

For all he lets us know, he saw no difference between a palm tree and a pine. Therefore it is no wonder that he left untold the rest of Sultan's life and miracles.

I fancy that such matters had no great hold on him, and that, after the fashion of most young Scotsmen of those days, his mind was fixed on making his position in the world. At any rate, this was his one recorded venture into the realms of sport, as far as Jamaica was concerned.

By this time he had got accustomed to colonial life and outlived all the various aches and pains and the distempers incidental to the tropics, especially when men lived as they did in those days, eating great meals of beef and pork, washed down with copious draughts of port, Madeira and rum punch. No doubt the life was easy; larger in a sense than it was at home, and certainly there were more opportunities of getting on. For a youth of twenty-two to find himself considered by his fellows, if only by the virtue

of his office, an owner both of property and slaves, and with the possibility of making a great fortune whilst he still was young, must have had strong attractions for a man of his capacity.

He writes to one "Nathaniel Grant, 20th September 1761":

... I think seriously of settling in Jamaica for Life, and spending my time amongst some Poor Jolly Fellows as I am obliged to do. I am now turned Philosopher by force of necessity, and have fixed myself here because I don't know any other part of the world that would supply me with a mouthful of bread.

The Wednesday Club shines, that is, the members' faces. They have desired me to return you their thanks for the present you made them, which I propose doing in a very Ceramonious Epistle, the first time the fitt takes me. . . .

R. G.

The letter is half jocular, and yet there pierces through it a vein of seriousness. He did not know apparently that philosophy is only brought about by hard necessity, that is, the practice of it, for those who write about it, but seldom follow what they preach.

In those days Jamaica must have been a pleasant place to live in. Life was not hard, and opportunities were ample, nor was there wanting some spice of romance, as appears by the following letter to Mr. Thomas Graham.

DEAR SIR,

As to the heros, Captain Forrest has lately performed one of the Gallantest Actions that we find recorded in History, beating the French, 3 ships to 7. The particulars, I daresay, you will find in every News Papper.

R. G.

It is a pity that he gave no details of the gallant action, for the "News Pappers" of his day have long since mouldered into dust or been devoured by mice.

So pass gallant deeds, even the memory of them, just as the mist passes away from the hillsides. Still, though forgotten, or to be found only by careful search in naval histories, the record of Captain Forrest's "gallantest actions" serves as a tonic. Perhaps when all is said, my ancestor was right to give no details. "3 ships to 7", that contains all the (naval) law and all the prophets.

As years went on, gradually the raw Scottish youth consolidated his position in the society of the island.

In 1765 he was elected to the Assembly for the district of St. David's. There he spoke frequently and served upon innumerable committees, to which apparently he was appointed on account of his knowledge of affairs, and in especial with questions of finance. As the Receiver-General of the Taxes, he would naturally have acquired a thorough knowledge of money matters, and of administration of the public funds. Such men are rare in all societies, and very seldom trusted by their fellows in such matters much before middle age.

It is clear that youth was no bar to advancement in the Jamaica of those days; but then it is quite evident that Robert Graham must have been recognised as a man of talent and capacity, both as a financier and a legislator.

No doubt in the small field of the colonial legislature he gained facility of speech and the experience that later on in his career he turned to good account in the two years he spent at Westminster.

CHAPTER FIVE

ALTHOUGH a member of the Assembly of the island legislature, a public servant and a planter on his own account, Doughty Deeds still kept a keen eye both on home politics and on what was going on in the sister colony of North America.

In 1765, writing to Chaloner Arcedeckner, Esq., he says:

. . . Everything I perceive is against us, both in the Island and in the Mother Country, and every Action and Resolution, which hardly a Century ago would have been esteemed meritorious, is now, from the Venality of the Times and the Corruption of a certain house, decreed criminal; that Spirit of Freedom which formerly animated and supported Brittons in the most inhospitable Climates is attempted to be suppressed and extinguished—and that ever memorable Ministry have so far infringed upon the Constitution of our Country as to tax a part of the people without the consent of their representatives (they?) may perhaps find that a Sore in one of their Links may in time affect the vital parts. . . . Can you then imagine that people who have an independent Situation, and a large number of men of daring and enterprising genius will tamely submit to the hard gripe of ministerial oppression?

He was writing of the foolish and corrupt ministry of Charles Greville, and foresaw clearly to what their policy was leading. In less than ten years from the time he wrote his letter, the blind folly of King George III., who only wanted the power, for certainly he had the will, to subvert the Constitution, caused the

loss of the American Colonies. All through his life Robert Graham held firmly to the Liberal politics of his family. In several of his letters from Jamaica, he laments having to pass his life in a land of slavery. At the same time he was a slave-owner, but not feeling in the least impelled to sell all that he had, and then betake himself to a cave in the Blue Mountains and live a hermit's life. So does the Trade Unionist of modern times protest as a Unionist against all overtime, yet as a man he does as much of it as he thinks profitable. The Labour leader, after a tirade against capitalism, gets into his motor-car, and, if he is a minister of state, comfortably draws a salary that he is as well aware he has not earned, as if he were a Tory or a Liberal.

Even a Communist invests his savings in a company, if he is sure it will yield him at least five per cent; and so we ripe and rot.

Most likely Robert Graham was not tormented by speculations of the kind, but felt like other men, all was not so ordered in the world as he himself would have ordained, had he but had the power.

The world was quite a good deal with him, as it is with all of us, and he was one of those who, having set his hand unto the plough, never imperilled a straight furrow by a weak backward glance.

In 1764 he writes, on the 24th September, to Archibald Stirling of Garden, his father's nearest neighbour and the head of an old Scottish family who still own the estate. Mr. Stirling's brother had just died, and my ancestor writes about his affairs.

. . . Besides a Negro boy which he carried to North America with him, the Negroes are valued at £60 a head and if they do not sell in a short time at

that price, I shall take them myself rather than let them go under it. The Distempered Horse is sold to Dr. Graham.

Yr. Affec. cousin and humble servant,

R. G.

Who throws his shares into the fire to-day, because they bring him an outrageous dividend?

Neither did planters in Jamaica as a rule free all their slaves at once, although they knew that slavery was not an ideal state of things, for human nature is so constituted that it is always striving, and perhaps will ever strive, to eat and have its cake.

Sometimes in the midst of business and of politics his thoughts reverted to his home, that he saw with the eyes of sentiment, most probably when the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade during the rains, and the mosquitoes' hum had murdered sleep.

In one of these fits, that were becoming rarer, for the comfortable and easy life of a Jamaican planter was taking hold on his imagination, he writes to Mrs. Margaret Bontine of Ardoch, his near kinswoman.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I wish it was in my power to (send) you anything from this Island that would be agreeable to you. . . . As to myself I frankly own that I am so much pre-disposed in favour of your side of the Water that I would rather see a field of ripening corn, than all the Sugar Plantations in Jamaica and much rather walk two miles up to the midleg in Snow than half a mile in this Climate. . . .

I am,

My dear Madam,

Your affectionate Cousin
and Humble Servant,

R. G.

He may have been in earnest when he wrote this letter. Niggers may have been troublesome, horses distempered or sandflies more than usually unfortunate. Still somehow the letter does not ring so true as his first letter to his mother in which he sets down all his complaints (fevers and bellyaches) that tormented him at first. Sugar plantations are not to be compared to ripening oats that the wind sets a-murmuring about harvest time when all the ears are full, or even to the "stookit" corn with the grouse sitting on the stooks.

Pharpar and Abana may not be equalled by the rivers of Judea, for "Tierra Santa" always is a pace or two ahead.

"Midleg in snow" appears to smack a little of the figure known to rhetoricians as hyperbaton. There are tastes,¹ of course, that merit sticks, but walk for walk, a stroll at sunrise, either by Constant Springs or by the racecourse in the Liguanea Plain, watching the mist clear off the mountain sides, leaving the palm trees with their trunks lapped in the steamy waves and their tops floating in the air like water lilies in a lake, would seem as pleasant as a walk on a winter's day at Ardoch, up to the knees in snow.

Although my ancestor seems to have passed a pretty active life, what with the duties of his office, the island politics and private business, he yet had time, as he might have said himself, to venture into the fields of Cupid. Indeed in those fields, legitimate and illegitimate, as letters of his own set forth, he exhibited more prowess than his brief career as Aide-de-Camp to the Governor during the revolt of the

¹ Hay gustos que merecen palos.

Coromantin¹ negroes allowed him scope for in the fields of Mars.

In 1764 he married Annie, daughter of Mr. Simon Taylor, a cadet of the Taylors of Barrowfield in Forfarshire, who at the time had been settled in the island for a considerable time. Whether Miss Taylor had been born in Scotland, or was a Creole of the island, I have not been able to find out; but probably she was brought to Jamaica in her childhood, when her parents settled there. Her portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that hangs to-day in the dining-room at Ardoch, shows her to have been a dark and fragile-looking girl, evidently either born or who had lived, most of her life, within the tropics.

Our hard northern climate was not for those who in their youth had swung in hammocks, dozed through the siesta in the hot hours between twelve and three, and probably had never felt in all her life what it was to be cold. My ancestor evidently loved her “with his entrails”, to translate a Spanish phrase, as several tender letters to his friends at home show plainly. They still remain copied out neatly in a clerkly hand, in his great letter books, stained here and there with snuff, with a tropic moth or two embalmed between the leaves, just as the writer had closed his book, without perceiving them. They at least never felt the northern cold, but lived their little lives, fluttering their wings in the warm sunshine, until fate cut them off without

¹ The Coromantins were always the first to revolt. The French and Dutch seldom purchased them when they arrived from Africa, knowing their character. In Jamaica the English bought them, as they were strong, athletic men. Freshly arrived negroes were known as Guinea Birds, and the Creole negroes looked down on them, calling them Salt Water negroes. For all that, they usually assumed the leadership, and forced their Creole kindred to join them in all their risings against the whites.

a warning. A happy ending to their joyous, sunlit, brief passage through the world, and one that men as well as moths may surely envy them.

These letters, wedged in between advices to his correspondents on the "Musquito Shore", old bills of lading, advertisements for negroes that had run away and strictures on the policy the Governor pursued, written to various friends, I leave uncopied, holding that as a descendant of the man who wrote them, it is more consonant with "le respect humain" to look and then pass on.

No letters are extant either to his father or his mother in which he tells them of his marriage, but in a letter to a Mr. William Donaldson, dated 1764, he says:

I heartily thank you for your letter by Captain Godfrey. I was at the time I received it in all the hurry of matrimony and had not got a house of my own. I am now what you may call rooted in the Soil and have given over hopes of seeing England for some years. . . .

To his friends, evidently he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. At the time when he wrote the letter, it certainly must have seemed to him that he was fated to remain rooted in the colony.

His letters at that time show that he had begun to take a certain pride in the affairs of Jamaica and to consider himself as a citizen, as he says, "rooted in the Soil". Writing to Hugh Wallace, Esq., at Grandvale (Jamaica), in the same year (1764), he says:

I flatter myself I will make the time of settlement as agreeable to Mr. Hyndman and you as possible.

I am very well acquainted with Mr. Hyndman,¹ and know him conversant in most transactions of the office.

All combined to make my ancestor consider himself fixed in the island at that time, for he received an offer of another office that he refused at once. In a letter to Hutchison Mure of London, he writes:

I shall be candid with you. I am ignorant of the profits of the office (that of Provost-Marshall); but I have heard they are great. I know it is the most disagreeable and disgusting one in the Island. If I know my own temper, I think I feel too much for the Misery and Misfortunes of others to make the most of it.

R. G.

Slavery evidently had not blunted his better feelings. It does his memory honour that he would have so unhesitatingly refused an office he knew was lucrative, and that in times when hardly any one refused to hold an office when it was offered to him. Moreover, nothing would have been easier than to put in a deputy to do the dirty work, just as to-day we deputise a man to kill our sheep and cattle for us in order that we can enjoy our chops and steaks without our feelings being lacerated.

He thanks his uncle, Lord Glencairn, in the same year, for some good ale he sent him, and says “in a few months I propose to entertain you with some Rum of my own brewing, which I expect will prove as good of its kind as your Lordship’s ale does”. He also promises to send his uncle the “first Curaçao birds”

¹ This Mr. Hyndman was no doubt an ancestor of the late Mr. Hyndman, well known as a Socialist, for his family once owned property in Jamaica, I have heard him say.

he can meet with, and explains that they come from the Spanish Main. He has

the honour to be with the greatest regard,
My Dr. Ld.

Your Lordship's much obliged
and affectionate nephew,

R. G.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA, 20th June 1764,
per the Betty Malcolm.

That his interests were most varied may be seen from the following curious letter addressed to

WILLIAM COCHRAN, Esqr., Advocate, To be addressed to JAS. COUTTS, Esqr., in the Strand, London.

I am now the Decent Father of a pretty little girl, about two months old. You see therefore my hours of Dissipation are no more. . . . Do not shrug up your shoulders—I figure you to my self. Don't say “O Quantum mutatus”, I have forgot Latin. Now as to yourself. I thank you for your . . . and Morals. I laugh heartily if you wrote for that purpose; you have not wrote in vain as to me . . .

Our Governor we could spare you to any of your Departments. He differed with the Assembly. First dissolved them and after sitting two or three days prorogued them for six months because the representatives of the people would not allow him as Chancellor to determine and ascertain the privileges of their house. . . .

All hail Diana, not she so chaste that wanders on Latona's top or near Eurotas stream, but she that perhaps at this moment sitteth upon the lap of Cochran, one snowy hand around his neck. You must have Sentiment, Madam, a great deal of delicacy and abound with Sensibility, else you never will be able to keep him long, as there is a nice distinction between Senti-

ment and Sensibility, which asking your pardon, many fine ladys are unacquainted with. Mr. Cochran is desired to explain it to you and has my authority to give you two kisses, providing you wash your feet at night, and change your Shift in the morning. . . .

There is one house which you may look upon as yours in this part of the world. There is a purse open to you here. There are horses and servants at your Command and if you don't know whose I offer, you may be D——d.

To save you the trouble of thanks, writting, etc., the Rum is a present, and as an old acquaintance you are to drink my health in it. Donld. (query Lady Dun-donald), Lady Mary and all friends, believe me it (is?) near one in the morning. My Wife gone to bed, myself a good deal dull and sleepy as you may perceive—but at all times happy in assuring you that

I am,

Dr. Co.

Yours sincerely,

R. G.

May 8th, by the Dawkins.

Few people nowadays would write a letter of the kind. Not that morals are any better than were those of people in the reign of George III. They would be afraid. Moreover, healthy animalism of the nature of that indicated in the Receiver-General's letter to his friend, is out of fashion, just as the cocktail has replaced rum punch, and innuendo, rank indecency.

With all his bonhomie, and it was great, witness his offer of his house and purse, his slaves and horses, to his friend, on politics he was a bar of iron. Still, sandwiched into such a letter, his outburst at the Governor's unconstitutional decree reads somewhat strangely to a modern ear. Doughty Deeds, although he wrote to boon companions in one vein, had others at command.

Writing to his aunt, the Countess of Glencairn, he shows himself a different man indeed from him who penned the missive about chaste Diana on Latona's top.

The Right Honble. The COUNTESS OF GLENCAIRN.

MADAM,

Out of place, out of office,¹ at a Distance too—and remembered by a Lady. Indeed, my dear Madam, it is kind and beyond what I deserve. It is, however, nothing new, for I have always found you (amiable?) . . . this last mark of your goodness so entirely suits my vanity, that had I not the honor to call your Ladyship my Aunt, I should be in danger of forgetting myself and saying a number of things. I shall only tell you what I know you esteem more—Truth. . . . There are now so few people in your part of the world in whose prosperity I interest myself that it is with anxiety and concern I enquire and hear accounts of those that remain, and tho' I see but a distant prospect of my ever settling amongst them, yet my best and sincerest shall ever attend them. I have often been astonished at the philosophical turn of those people who are attached to a Country because they have been born in it. I am attached to this country by a more solid (link?), that of Gratitude. Here I found friends, where I had no relations. Here I was supported, when, thanks to the country I was born in, it sent me away. . . . No Peruvian mines support me, but just enough to live and laugh upon.

And as to Governments and offices, a Quixoto or a Bute may bestow them. I am now learning a nobler study, to govern my ambition. 'Tis true I had a scheme of erecting an independent monarchy upon the River Gambia in Africa, and had brought matters so near a Crisis that I wanted only £150,000 to have completed, and I don't know but I might have prose-

¹ He seems to have lost his seat in the Assembly.

cuted my plan a little farther, but I was disgusted with the name of King Bob, which I apprehended some of my good natured friends would bestow on me. You see upon what trifles the fate of Monarchies depend. . . . Many thanks to your Ladyship for the herrings—they are extremely good. I daresay the prints are likewise good. Captain Walkinshaw, by not taking them on board, prevents me from having so determined an opinion.

Your Ladyship's most obedient nephew,

R. G.

KINGSTON IN JAMAICA, 1764.

Amongst his other gifts certainly Robert Graham included that of letter-writing. It was to stand him in good stead in later days at home, when fortune showered her benefits upon him, and he became almost the richest commoner in Scotland, under which title he was long remembered, in his own district, by the country folks.

CHAPTER SIX

1766 seems to have been a full year for Doughty Deeds. He had then been married for two years. His term of office as Receiver-General had ended in 1764; but he was still a member of Assembly. His private business was in a prosperous condition, and possibly he had already bought the property of Roaring River, that to his dying day he took the keenest interest in, auditing the accounts religiously.

Judging by a letter that he wrote at that time to Major-General David Graeme, a Secretary of State, he was beginning to find Jamaica rather a narrow field for his activities.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID GRAEME,
Secretary to His Majesty, London.

. . . Although I have still a pretty strong attachment to the Natale Solum, yet I have for some time begun to look upon myself as a Citizen of the world, and would willingly stifle what little ambition I am possessed of, and sleep here in a calm obscurity. It is true I am one of those who in a Land of Slaves, struggle for Liberty. I am not ashamed of it and on the contrary I glory in it, and wherever I am I hope I shall retain so much of the Brittain as to shew a dislike of oppression and a willing though a weak hand to mob tyranny.

KINGSTON, 31st March 1766.

The letter seems to show that he already had a desire to figure in politics at home, a desire that circumstances did not permit him to fulfil until his latter years. One thing is striking in the phrasing, and more particularly in the tone of the communica-

tion to the Secretary of State, that is, its air of perfect equality with his correspondent. To-day, an unknown colonist, writing to a government official of the home government, would, perhaps unconsciously, assume the second place. In those days, the separation between classes was not so marked or so acute as it has now become, and taxpayers looked on the men they paid, not as their masters, but as servants, or at least stewards, whom they had every right to call to an account. The reference to a "land of slaves" was, I think, genuine, for to reduce things to their lowest denominator (as is the way of politicians), the writer had nothing in the world to gain by writing in that style. Slavery then was recognised by law. Cabinet Ministers, the nobility and high-born ladies all were actual or potential slave owners. To doubt the justice of the institution would have caused a man to be dubbed a crank, just as it would to-day if, in a British colony, some one insisted that a white citizen¹ should be hanged for murdering a black.

Whilst he kept a watchful eye on politics, both in the island and at home, still temporal affairs engrossed a portion of his time. Clearly he had not come to the West Indies to preach the gospel or with any fad of raising anybody's status in the social scale. Those sort of whimwams, to use a Scotticism that my ancestor most surely knew, have been resolved for our own days, when at the same time a pious profiteer makes a large fortune and talks of the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Georgians of those days may have been sometimes rough and brutal, but they were seldom hypocrites. For them, bread was bread, and

¹ There is, I think, no recorded instance in any British colony of the execution of a white man for murdering a "native".

wine was wine, ginger too was hot (and pleasant) in the mouth. They drank their port, and then endured the qualms of gout, heroically. If in their passage through the world they came across a Madame Potiphar, they met her half-way, and did not cant about temptation and the weakness of the flesh, and above all, they never talked about their miserable souls or mourned their backslidings, knowing full well that they would slide again, if ice were slippery.

In 1766, he writes to Major-General Sir David Graeme asking for his assistance to obtain the office of Collector-General, for he was now what in Madrid is known as a *Cesante*,¹ that is, a man without an office, having lost or given up that of Receiver-General.

. . . Mr. Douglas, who is at present Collector of this Island, obtained that office by the Interest of the Duke of Queensferry, to whom he is nearly related. He was likewise assisted by Mr. Oswald (of Auchencruive?) and some others in power.

He is personally of genteel² fortune in this Island, and is fond of living in the country. He therefore proposes to resign it, and will, by this opportunity, send a Letter signifying his intentions which will only be made use of, if there is a certainty of my succeeding. The Office is procured by a Warrant from the Commissioners of the Customs, in consequence of a Recommendation from the Lords of the Treasury, in obtaining which I begg your assistance. I have the

¹ *Cesante* literally means one who has ceased, *i.e.* has ceased from being employed. It seems to be a status, as well recognised as that of beggar, no matter if the begging is in the name of God, as in Madrid, or with a piano by the kerb in London city. For my own part, I prefer the name-of-God style, as less hypocritical.

² *Genteel* seems to have been used in those days, as Spaniards use the word *gentil* and Italians *gentile*, *i.e.* in the sense of good. We have perverted it to mean something much meaner.

strongest reasons to think the Duke of Queensferry will from regard and connection with Mr. Douglas give his Assistance; and I flatter myself Lord Mansfield and Sir John Lindsay will also join. Mr. Mure will be furnished with several letters from this Island in my favour, and, if that gentleman (who is both Mr. Douglas's friend and mine) be of your acquaintance, I should look upon the affair to be in a very prosperous way. . . .

I have the honor to be,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

R. G.

It does not appear that, notwithstanding his anticipations and with the powerful patronage of the Duke of Queensferry and Lord Mansfield, Robert Graham ever received the office of Collector-General.

There is no mention of it in the records of the island, and as no answers from his correspondents have been preserved, it is impossible to verify what happened, and why the fish that he thought almost landed, slipped out of the net.

In the same year (1766) he was once more elected, for St. David's, a member of Assembly, and sat on several committees on finance. The business of the Receiver-General's office, the post that he vacated in 1764, was still not settled, for in the Jamaica of those days things moved on leisurely, for even that country of hard-boiled Scotchmen¹ must have felt now and

¹ It is extraordinary how entirely Jamaica in those days was in the hands of Scots. Long, in his *History of Jamaica*, says that in his time one hundred Scotchmen of the name of Campbell lived in Jamaica. He adds, "All claiming alliance with the Argyle family" (vol. ii. p. 287). The Clan Campbell seems to have stretched out its tentacles pretty far in those days; but then, like the old laird who built his house on the edge of his estates, the Campbells always endeavoured to "burse yont".

then that in the tropics they were not keyed up to the North British concert pitch of their own native land.

The position that he had achieved, and the esteem which he seems to have enjoyed, is plainly shown by the proceedings of the Committee of Correspondence of the Assembly¹ in reference to the winding up of Robert Graham's accounts of his Receiver-Generalship.

On the 16th of November 1762, the House of Assembly ordered

That the Committee of Correspondence do write to Lionel Stanhope, Esqre., agent for this island in Great Britain, to pay to Robert Graham, esquire, late Receiver General of this island, the sum of £1000 sterling, and to Tom Sharp, esquire, son of John Sharp, esquire, deceased, formerly agent for this island, £2534, current money² of this island, being the money due to his estate for the balance of his account as agent, out of the money in his hands belonging to the public of this island.

At a meeting of the Assembly held on the 27th of November 1766:

Mr. Hull from the committee of accounts, reported as follows:

MR. SPEAKER,

Your committee, appointed to state and settle the public accounts, have had a letter laid before them by Alexander Brown, Esquire, Receiver General, from Robert Graham, Esquire, a member of this house, and late Receiver General, which they have hereunto annexed; and your committee are of opinion that Alexander Brown, Esquire, the Receiver General, ought to be authorized by this house to give a sufficient

¹ Journals of the Assembly of Jamaica.

² In those days £100 Jamaica currency equalled about £71, 8s. 6d. sterling (Long, *History of Jamaica*, p. 586).

indemnification to the said Robert Graham; and that the Receiver General, Alexander Brown, ought to be indemnified by this house for entering into such security.

A letter was sent from Robert Graham.

KINGSTON, 24th November 1766.

SIR,

As I am apprehensive that I may have a return of the ague to-morrow, I am in a doubt whether I shall be able to attend the Assembly; in case I do not, I beg you will acquaint the committee of accounts, that since the breaking up of last session, I have received the account of sales of the gold, which was part of the cargo of the Isabella, by which account I am now enabled to come to a settlement with the public, for its proportion of that seizure, which I shall do, whenever it is agreeable to the committee; You may also, if you please, inform them that I expect a vote of the house for my indemnification, or some other method of guarding against any ill consequence that may arise from the bond which Mr. Taylor joined me in, before I could receive any part of the above seizure.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

ROBERT GRAHAM.

ALEXANDER BROWN, esquire, Receiver General.

Resolved that the house do agree to the report.

10th December 1766.—The committee of accounts reported:

The committee of accounts have been attested by Robert Graham, esquire, a member of the house, and formerly Receiver General, who laid before them his accounts, which they have examined, and do find that there is due and owing from him the said Robert Graham to the annual funds, the sum of £2584, 12s. 6d.,

and also the sum of £1127, os. 0½d. to the revenue, on account of the schooner *Isabella*, deducting from the last sum £390, the principal of Henry Gale and Richard Cratcher, their joint bonds, to the said Receiver General, for part of the effects of the said schooner, by him now assigned to Alexander Brown, Esqre., the present Receiver General, the whole of which will appear by the accounts hereunto annexed.

What exactly had occurred in reference to the schooner *Isabella* is not set down, but by one item “His Excellency William Henry Lyttleton (the governor?) receives £2653” as his third share. Another item assigns £2653 to “the informers” as their third. “His Majesty’s revenue” also secured a third.

The *Isabella* may have been a smuggler, even a pirate, for the West Indies still could boast a few of that fraternity.

The captain was one Micolti, who does not seem, judging by his name, to have been an Englishman. £90 was paid for three mules to bring the gold from Black River to Kingston, so that it all must have been in specie. A further item is a sum of £1, 5s. 9d., “for bringing up the tired mules from Knock Patrick”. Ninety pounds seems a long price for three mules, in the West Indies of those days, but probably most of the mules and horses used in the island for ordinary work came from the Spanish Main. Jamaica has never been a great horse-breeding country, partly because the land was so much used for agriculture, partly because the great herds of cattle, such as once existed in Cuba, Santo Domingo and even to a more limited extent in Puerto Rico, were not to be found. Hence no race of cattlemen, born, so to speak, upon

their horses, ever existed on its plains. For all that, it is an admirable country for breeding horses, and this My Lord Protector seemed to have divined when he sent out the thoroughbreds from which the race of wiry, undersized, but well-bred horses owned by the negroes is undoubtedly derived.

The years 1766-67 seem to have been the last years of Robert Graham's West Indian career in which he took an active interest in the island's politics. In the Assembly of 1768 he did not find a place, and from that time until he departed from the island in 1770 or 1771, he occupied himself almost entirely with his own affairs. He acted wisely, for in the Scotland of those days there were scant opportunities of making money, and he knew that at any moment he might succeed to the estate of Ardoch, settled upon him by his kinsman, Mr. Nicol Bontine, then an old feeble man. The estate was poor, for agriculture in Dumbartonshire was at a low ebb at that date, but just emerging from the old Highland methods, wasteful and exhausting to the land. Root crops were in their infancy, and for manures the farmers had to depend entirely on their cattle byres.

All this most probably Robert Graham knew by the experience of his boyhood, and, without doubt, was well aware that he would be called upon to lay out more money than he could possibly expect from the estate.

Whether he would eventually have fixed himself for life within the island and risen, as he would most probably have done with his ability and connections, to be the Governor, had not imperious circumstances called him home, is field for speculation.

Though he had quitted, or was just about to quit,

Jamaican politics, he still kept a keen eye upon the strife of Whigs and Tories, and on their battlefields at home. Apparently a friend, Mr. Thomas Lee, had been a candidate for Parliament, and failed in bribing the electors enough, either directly with the money in their hands, as was the fashion then, or indirectly, as we do nowadays, by promises of money from the taxpayers. At any rate, they had not voted for him. Some men are unaware when fortune smiles upon them, and Mr. Lee seems to have written to Jamaica, bewailing his hard fate.

THOMAS LEE, Esqr.,

Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

. . . I waited with impatience to hear of your success, and hoped to renew my acquaintance by a congratulating letter. The Dirty Dogs at Hull have prevented me having that pleasure. They cannot, however, deprive me of the pleasure and satisfaction I have in being assured that neither your philosophy or your Spirits are hurt by your disappointment. . . . Our villains are as plenty as ever and honesty is hard to be met with. Our political news is not worth taking notice of. We think ourselves here, People of great consequence and importance . . . when in reality we are hardly ever thought of.

They now and then send us a Governor we generally find fault with because he does not choose to listen to every insignificant prattling puppy who makes 200 Hogsheads and owes £20,000. We pay him his Salary, because we cannot help it, differ with him and he leaves, another succeeds him and so the farce goes on. Our present Governor, however, continues to give general satisfaction. He is affable, without too much condescension, and supports his character with dignity. He appears to me to judge men for himself. . . .

Such men command esteem. All England, we

hear, is in confusion. The uproar of Wilkes and Liberty has reached us here, and our patriot Butter sellers and Cheesemongers bellow against administration as loud as your first rate Orators at home,¹ perhaps with equal success.

Your most humble servant,
R. G.

This letter shows with what keen interest affairs at home were followed in the colony.

Of course, electors who do not vote for you are “Dirty Dogs”, after you have wasted your good money to secure their suffrages.

But, after all, some of the dirtiest dogs must have been kennelled in Parliament itself.

¹ This passage reminds one of Voltaire's hairdresser : “ Je ne suis qu'un pauvre diable de perruquier, mais je ne crois pas en Dieu, plus qu'un autre ”.

CHAPTER SEVEN

LIFE in Jamaica seems to have been extremely lax as to matters sexual. The Georgians at home were not conspicuous, as the books of Smollett and of Fielding pretty clearly show, for much rigidity. Taking all things into consideration, sexual morality with them was about on the same level as it is with us to-day, that is, the same results were to be seen, but they had been arrived at from quite different standpoints.

Though women ruled the world, as they have always done since Eden, and will do as long as there are any men in it, they did not do so openly after the fashion of to-day. They condoned slips in conduct in their men, whilst at the same time dealing out damnation to their sisters, if they chanced to be found out. Now they extend this toleration equally to both the sexes. This, of course, is the real equality that they have always striven after and now achieved. Votes and careers and all their other war-cries, have been but smoke screens to cover their advance.

Reading the history of Jamaica it would appear that in regard to matters of that kind, the happy island was about on a par with Tahiti, when Captain Cook first landed on the beach. Long, in his history of Jamaica,¹ says “of all the vices reigning in the island none are so flagrant as this concubinage with white women, or cohabiting with Negresses or Mulattos, free or slaves”.

He is the great authority on the history of the island of those days.² He writes impartially, and was

¹ Long, *History of Jamaica* (London, 1774).

² 1774.

no strong advocate of slavery, seeing its evils to the full; but yet apparently accepting it, just as the most of us would certainly have done, had we lived in his time, as part and parcel of our lives. He always calls a spade a spade, after the fashion of the age, and now and then throughout his pages flashes appear of a full-bodied Georgian humour, a quality so often lacking in historians, whether of his days or our own. “In consequence of this (concubinage) we have not only more spinsters in comparison to the number of women in this small community than in any other part of His Majesty’s dominions, proportionately inhabited; but also a vast addition of spurious offsprings of different complexions. . . . He who should presume to show any displeasure against such a thing as simple fornication would for his pains be accounted a simple blockhead, since not one in twenty can be persuaded that there is either sin or shame in cohabiting with his slave. . . . Of these men, by far the greatest part never marry after they have acquired a fortune, but usher into the world a tarnished train of beings, among whom at their decease, they generally divide their substance.”

“A simple blockhead” is rather an equivocal phrase in this connection, but ’twill serve.

In one thing, however, these stout fornicators before the Lord appear to have been superior to their descendants, for at their decease they divided their substance amongst “the tarnished train” that they had ushered into the world.

A humane practice that might be followed with advantage in this, for all I know, more moral, but certainly less human age.

Long, to portray the evils of the universal con-

cubinage prevalent in the Jamaica of those days, imagines the case of an illegitimate and coloured child, whose father had sent it to Europe to be educated. If a girl, she is sent to a good boarding school at Chelsea, where "Miss learns music, drawing and French and the whole circle of female Bon Ton, proper for the accomplishment of fine women". If a boy, he is sent to "Eaton or to Westminster". On her return to Jamaica, presumably a mistress of French, drawing, music, and perfectly equipped as a fine woman, "Miss faints at the sight of her own relations. Especially when papa tells her that black Quasheba is her own mother".

How she could have avoided knowing it during her childhood is difficult to understand, and after all children could not have been sent to boarding schools, even at Chelsea, in their infancy.

"The young (coloured) gentleman is equally disgusted; but soon is left to herd among his black kindred and converse with Quashee and Mingo, instead of his school fellows, Sir George or My Lord.

Mademoiselle, instead of modish French, must learn to prattle gibberish with her cousins Mimba¹ and Chloe."

It was certainly a hard fate for children educated at Eaton or at Chelsea, to have to undergo. Long

¹ Most of the negro names were taken from the Mandingo language, or words from Mandingo were used as names for the slaves by their owners:

Quashee = Sunday (Quasheba is the feminine).

Cudjoe = Monday.

Quaco = Wednesday.

Cuffee = Friday.

Many of the words in daily use seem to have been of Mandingo origin. Thus "Sangarra" means brandy. So it seems probable that the West Indian drink called "Sangaree" in all old books upon the islands, at first was merely brandy and water.

was quite alive to it, and puts forth his remedy against that state of things.

“To allure men from these illicit connections we ought to remove the principal obstacles which deter them from marriage. A proper education (of women) is the first great point.”

Long gives a picture of the white Creole girls, especially of the “Country-bred Misses”.

“We may see a very fine young woman, awkwardly dangling her arms with the air of a negro servant, lolling almost the whole day upon beds and settees, her head muffled up with two or three handkerchiefs, her dress loose and without stays. At noon we find her employed in gobbling pepper-pot, seated on the floor with her sable handmaids around her. In the afternoon she takes her siesta.”

The picture is not attractive. One seems to see a sort of white negress. It is no wonder that the enterprising Scottish youths who flocked out to the island were averse from marriage, if Long’s picture was not overcharged.

In regard to the African Quasheba, Long says, “all her kindred, and most commonly her very paramours, fasten on the keeper like so many leeches”.

This, of course, is true, not only of the Jamaica of Long’s day, but of West Africa, Burmah, or any colony where men keep coloured mistresses.

Long advocates the manumission of all half-caste children, a proposition that shows him far in advance of the general opinion of his time. “I can see”, he says, “no mischief in it. I do not judge so lightly of the present state of fornication in the island, as to suppose that it can ever be more flourishing, or that

the emancipation of every mulatto child will prove a means of increasing the annual number."

The picture that Long draws is not particularly edifying. The manners of the age were coarse, even in England, and in Jamaica, there appears to have been but little public opinion that anybody feared.

Loose as manners may have been in England, they could not have been as bad as in Jamaica, for Long sums up the situation in a phrase, "the name of Family man is held in the utmost derision".

He goes on to say:

On first arriving here, a civilized European may be apt to think it impudent and shameful that even bachelors should avow their keeping negroe or mulatto mistresses, but they are still more shocked at seeing a group¹ of white legitimate and mulatto illegitimate children all claimed by the same married father and all bred up together under the same roof. Habit however, and the prevailing fashion, reconcile such scenes and lessen the abhorrence excited by their first impression.

This may be so, for habit makes repugnant customs seem quite tolerable. Who would endure to see a child's face daubed with the warm blood of a fox just torn to pieces by the hounds, had not the sight been rendered tolerable to the ladies who assist at it, by long-established use and wont.

Doughty Deeds, who evidently was no "simple blockhead", fell into the custom of the island readily enough. Indeed, he had but scant pretensions to the character of moralist, as the following letter to a correspondent in Glasgow, reveals.

¹ Long, *History of Jamaica*, vol. ii. p. 350.

SAMUEL BEAN, Esqre.

by His Majesty's Ship Ferret

24th March 1760.

Copy by the Fanny
Captn. Legg,

5th April.

DEAR SIR,

Having already wrote you in regard to a Trade from which I foresee good prospects of advantage, I am now about to trouble you again as to a Commerce from which I believe neither you nor I, my friend, have reaped any great gain. You may possibly remember that in the days of your more early acquaintance, I was not remarkable for that cold Virtue, Chastity, but indiscriminately found my sentiments agreeable to my desires and gave rather too great a latitude to a dissipated train of whoring, the consequence of which (is) I now dayly see before me in a motely variegated race¹ of different complexions. Amongst these there is a Younker by the white girl, who formerly lived with me, who is now of age to leave the Island, and the light in which irregularities such as occasioned his coming into the world is lookt on in Scotland, together with the unfitness of most parts there for bringing up a Man to active scenes of life, deter me from sending him there, to the care of any of my own relations. I have therefore thought of Liverpool, not only from the Industry and Activity that I have observed in the young people who come from there, but also from the cheapness which I understand such an education as I intend for this boy, can be procured at, for my present views are to fitt him for these scenes of Life which occurr amongst people whose principal study is to make fortunes, by which means the extensive parade of Greek and Latin, etc., is avoided and the whole plan constricted into a

¹ Evidently my ancestor was not afraid of being held up to ridicule as a "family man".

competent knowledge of Mathematics and Mechanics. . . . As to his Board, etc., the more frugality provided there is a Bellyful, I think necessary; in order that he may never be Alderman like and think eating one of the pleasures of Life. When he has been some time at home opinions may be formed what bent his natural turn of mind takes, which I should wish was either the Sea or some Handy Craft Trade suited to this Island, because in either of these, if he turn out well, I may probably have it in my power to provide for him. Our friendship, and the long acquaintance there has been between us, inclines me to give you the trouble of making some enquiry as to the charges that will normally attend such a plan as I have laid down and also to know in the course of your Correspondence to Liverpool you could not hint the matter to some of your grave and sagacious friends who would now and then enquire into the proceeding of my Progeny.

Was I to make an apology it might be longer than my letter. I shall therefore conclude with assuring you that

I am,
Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

R. G.

He adds a postscript to say that he only wants "his Progeny" to learn the rudiments of mathematics and "by no means dip into the abstruse and more refined Branches of that Science, which however requisite for Philosophers, may be an useless Lumber to a man whose chief view must be to render himself independent".

The letter is singularly frank and free from all hypocrisy. There is no attempt at an excuse, for what my ancestor, one may be sure, was not the least

ashamed of, and most certainly would have done again, had he been unmarried and placed in the same circumstances. That is the difference between a young man of the days of George III., and his descendant in the days of George V. Their morality probably would be about upon an equal level, but what a pother about motives, temptation, duty and all the rest of it, we should have got to-day. Besides all that, most probably there would have been no "younker" to account for nowadays, for our young bloods take their "white girl" from a night club, down to Brighton¹ for a week-end, pay her as they would pay a taxicab, and come back to town on Monday, to lead their exemplary lives.

System for system, there is more humanity in the Georgian system, and on the whole it was better for the race.

What became of the "younker", I have no means of ascertaining, and do not even know what name he passed by, or if he went back to the Island to follow a Handy Craft Trade, or if he went to sea. There is a reference to him in a letter to Captain Allan Watson, dated 1769, in which, after apologising for the trouble he is giving, he asks for news about "the Boy whom I hope you will soon put under your care. He is a particular connection of mine, and for some time past lived in my house. He has been sent to school more with a view of preventing him being troublesome, than for any expectation of his securing any great benefit by it". This is the hope in which we are all sent to school, and is natural enough to parents, who have the experience of their own youth and school days to guide them.

¹ Brighton is not obligatory.

The letter finishes: "In the meantime I shall ship in the Morant Bay two Hogsheads of sugar".

Captain Allan Watson, I should judge to have been a sailor, and so it may be that the "younker" went to sea.

Captain Watson seems to have been a man that Doughty Deeds was anxious to conciliate, for he begins his letter, after apologies for troubling him, by saying,

It is however, no small consolation for a man to find himself so well fixed in the opinion of the world, that his virtues are more troublesome to him than his failings.

This indeed may be so, but it is difficult to see where the consolation comes in, though it is true enough that most of us feel our scant virtues a heavier burden than all our weaknesses.

CHAPTER EIGHT

ALL his life was not passed begetting half-caste children in Jamaica, by my ancestor. His active mind was ever on the watch for something that might turn out beneficial to the island and incidentally to himself.

The lack of mineral wealth in the Island of Jamaica had always placed the colony at a disadvantage with the Spanish colonies upon the mainland. Santo Domingo and the Musquito Coast¹ were richer far in valuable woods, Cuba a keen competitor in sugar and in rum.

On July 24 of the year 1767, there is a letter to a captain in London sending him a curious list of various native products to be reported on.

Mr. Graham presents his compliments to Captain Hamilton and begs he will take the trouble of trying the reputed virtues of the following things sent him, or deliver them with the following memorandum to Hutchison Mure, Esqre. R. G.

No. I. A Bugg containing a Dye of a fine brown and purple.

II. A kind of With which dyes a Crimson and Pink when boiled in common wood ashes.

III. Ambergrease, at least supposed to be so.
N.B.—How much would it sell for per pound?

IV. A kind of Pitch supposed to be well calculated for paying the bottoms of Vessells with, it is certain that no worms will touch the bottom of a Vessel done over with this, for a very considerable time afterwards.

V. A Medicine Root used by some natives for the

¹ British Honduras.

Venereal disease, it throws the Patient into a gentle salivation.

(The whole in a Bagg markt. R. G.).

There is no record of the fate of any of these specimens.

As there were no natives, that is, Indians, left in Jamaica, or, as far as I know, any pitch deposits in the island, the Medicine Root may have come from the Musquito Shore, and possibly the pitch from Trinidad, although that island was not at the time in our possession. Enquiries into the resources of the island, and keeping a look-out for possible extension of commercial business, were but a portion of the activities of the ex-receiver-general, who as both his official and his political careers were ended, probably found time hang a little heavy on his hands.

He seems at that date (1767-78) to have thoroughly resigned himself to settle in Jamaica permanently, and to devote himself entirely to a planter's life.

His elder brother William was just married to a Miss Porterfield of Porterfield, and so in the ordinary course of events, Robert Graham's chance of ever owning the family estate of Gartmore seemed to be barred out. About this time, by the death of his kinsman Mr. Bontine, he succeeded to the estate of Ardoch in Dumbartonshire, which had been entailed upon him as long ago as 1757.

By the will of the testator it was expressly enjoined that the heir was to assume the name and arms of Bontine and that the two estates of Gartmore and of Ardoch should not be held by the same man.

This was a Scottish custom of those days, in cases of the kind, and, as the second property had to pass to the holder's eldest son on his majority, it gave rise

to innumerable family quarrels, and helped to fill the pockets of the lawyers.

As Ardoch was not worth leaving the island for, on its own account, the house being in a ruinous condition, and agriculture generally at a low ebb in Scotland in those days, Doughty Deeds did not trouble about altering his name, and kept on in the even tenour of his way, dealing in sugars and in slaves. He seems to have had a better eye for the points of a negro than a horse, judging by his one (recorded) venture into horse-coping, contrasted with the many judgements that he gave in regard to the value of black ivory, in letters of the time.

JAMES KERR, Esqre.

DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure of acquainting you that the end of last week Mr. Salt gave me the possession of the property of the late Mr. Thomas Wright, consisting of a mountain in St. Andrew's called Hog Hole, with the negroes mentioned in the enclosed List. These I have affixed a value to which if you judge by the Valuation variously made of Negroes upon Sugar estates you will be apt to think very low; but the idle way these negroes have been in for many years past, in my opinion much diminishes their worth. They are also at present very much disordered with the Itch.

. . . Whatever is to be done with the Negroes if their Residence is to be altered, it must be done with the greatest caution and a good deal of Lenity used.

Your most humble servant,

R. G.

KINGSTON, 16th July 1768.

Given the circumstances and the times, the letter is an admirable one.

A set of idle negroes, disordered with the Itch, is not a pleasant picture for people nowadays to contemplate. It is like a stable overrun with mange, and Robert Graham treated it exactly in the same spirit that a master of foxhounds, writing about his horses, would treat the thing to-day.

There is, however, a deeper and more humanitarian note at the end of the letter, in which he advocates "a great deal of Lenity".

Those who have read the histories of the West Indies of those days, know with what disregard of human ties and human feeling, the slaves were treated when they fell into bad hands.

Most men of average humanity cannot but feel a tightening of the heart-strings, when they see the grief a cow endures, when separated from her calf. Still we eat veal. Therefore I think I understand the feelings of my ancestor, himself a slave owner, when brought face to face with cases such as that referred to in his letter to James Kerr.

In the year 1767, business was slack and nothing prospering, but the Guinea Trade,¹ at least so he writes to Samuel Bean of Glasgow. In that letter he moralises on the improvidence of his fellow-planters in buying large stocks of negroes upon credit without the slightest hope of ever being able to discharge their debts. "Hence the poverty of the colony and hence the existence and support of those vermin called Attorneys."²

About that time he made a visit to St. (Santo)

¹ Query, the Slave Trade.

² How right the celebrated Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca was in inserting the well-known clause in his capitulations with the Emperor Charles V.: That no lawyers or attorneys should pass to the Indies, "Que no pasasen abogados ni procuradores a las Indias".

Domingo, to endeavour to open up business with the French.

In this he proved unsuccessful, owing to the great want of money in circulation in that colony. He found the French to be "very good judges of negroes and very nice in their choice". He himself purchased in conjunction with his father-in-law "60 or 70 negroes". In this deal he evidently did not prove himself so good a judge as were the French, for "on the whole we made a losing Voyage. The Negroes were old, bad and sickly". The French evidently had got off all their worthless stock upon him, so that his negro-coping venture turned out a failure, and he lost money by it.

Seasons were bad sometimes, and, when there was a drought, the crops were burnt up, and the unlucky negroes suffered terribly. There is a letter to one Lawrence Aikenhead, Esq., during a famine year, saying:

The Negroes have nothing from the ground to support them. The prospect is dismal. The Negroes must have rice to support them. They already begin to run away from mere want.

Indeed a dismal prospect, and where the wretched negroes ran to search for food it is difficult to see, for Jamaica is a country without game of any sort, and to raise any crops upon the mountains, or in the thick bush of the tropics, must have been impossible.

Although Doughty Deeds seems to have considered that he was settled down, if not for life, at least for many years in the island of Jamaica, events over which he had no control were soon to call him home.

In 1770 he writes to James Irving, Esq. (of Jamaica):

DEAR SIR,

To a man so well acquainted with the mutability of human affairs and the diversity of the inclination of mankind as you are, it will not appear strange that I who proposed ending my days in Jamaica, am now determined to leave the Island by the latter end of this month. Do not imagine that the Smiles of so fickle a Divinity as Fortune have induced me to take so sudden a resolution, on the contrary, had I not calls of a more tender and forcible nature, I probably would enlarge my plan of making a permanent settlement here, but Mrs. Graham's bad state of health for some time past and her present consumptive habit, together with the concurring opinions of her Physicians, leave me no alternative, disagreeable as it must be to leave this Island in the present situation of my affairs, I am fixed and submit to anything rather than have any consequence of a more feeling kind to reproach myself with . . .

I intend paying my compliments to you and your family. It would add to the regret I feel in the thoughts of quitting the Island to leave it without bidding adieu to the man with whom I have held the strictest friendship and for whom I entertain the most perfect esteem of any one I shall leave behind me.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

R. G.

KINGSTON, 1770.

P.S.—Do any of your acquaintance want a very good butler, who is also an Upholsterer and Taylor. I have likewise a good cook to dispose of and a young fellow who has been 6 years in the Kitchen. Sharp formerly wanted the Butler, he knows his

character, but I would not sell him when he wanted to purchase.

R. G.

Fate had stepped in and had ordained that the career of Doughty Deeds in the island of Jamaica should be brought to an end. Why the "Phesicians" thought the climate of the north advisable for a consumptive patient was known to them alone. It may be that they thought any change of climate would be beneficial, or it may be that they were obliged to prescribe something or another, just as in Harley Street to-day they come out, one year, with some All-Heal serum or another, and drop it next season, alleging that they have not found the wished-for microbe, and then begin again.

In those days, when a householder broke up his establishment, at least in the West Indies, he had a short way to determine questions that in more modern times have no solution, for the plan of making money out of officials so august as those referred to in the letter, is not within our reach.

Who to-day that would purchase even on easy terms, a butler, even if at the same time he were an upholsterer and could mend the furniture? As to cooks, after looking at the matter dispassionately, it seems that most employers would rather face the evils of the hire system that are known to them, than fly to others that they know not of, by purchasing a cook.

Almost the last letter in the letter book is dated Kingston 1770, and was addressed to Samuel Grove, Esq., Merchant in Portroyal, South Carolina. In it the writer sends per the sloop *Kingston*, Samuel Salters, master, "a negro man called Jack", his property, as "per the enclosed Bill of Lading". This Jack, he says,

G

"is a very valuable fellow", well qualified to wait at table, and worth "One hundred Pistoles, as negroes here are esteemed". Evidently my ancestor was getting rid of all his servants, preparatory to going home.

The last of all his letters from the Island, dated March 1770, is about a negro Tom, valued at £100 (Currency), a price my ancestor thinks exaggerated. Tom it appears was left "as a Legacy by a former master, but the fellow apprehending that he had received his freedom, never afterwards could brook servitude". The poor devil's "apprehension", did not apparently materialise, and I think Doughty Deeds would have performed a graceful action in manumitting him before he set off home.

In justice to the Jamaican planters of those times, one is bound to say that at their death, for faithful service, or for any meritorious action, they frequently manumitted slaves. The following excerpt from the Will of Thomas Bontein of the Parish of St. Catherine's, Jamaica, speaks for itself:

Item I manimize and free my negro man slave named Quashee and his Sisters Prue and Catherine and give and bequeath the said Prue and Catherine and also Mary Davis, a free negroe Woman the Sum of Ten pounds Currency per annum for their respective natural lives and I will that they be allowed to reside either at my Pen at Saltponds or on my lands at the Angells as they shall respectively chuse, whilst the same shall remain unsold.¹

So used the Indians on the plains in the United States to free favourite horses, and let them loose to roam about with the wild herds and die of their "belle mort".

¹ This Mr. Thomas Bontein was a near kinsman of Doughty Deeds.

The time had come for Doughty Deeds to go. The raw Scottish youth of twelve or fourteen years ago was now a man of substance who had held important offices in the colony, was married to a woman of good family, and might have looked, had he remained in the West Indies, to a still higher post.

The tropics had entered into the marrow of his bones, as is most plainly shown in the letter to Mr. Samuel Grove. The struggle in his mind is evident, and he apparently felt that he was letting go a certainty to grasp at the unknown. A man does not quit without a tightening of the heart-strings a country that has welcomed him in youth, in which he has found fortune, honour and everything that makes life valuable.

He must have felt that he was leaving sun and warmth for ever, and that the palm trees, *lignum vitæ*, bamboos and all the flowery "bush" of the fair Island of the Woods and Streams would be with him until the last day of his life. The Spanish place-names, Cabo Bonito, Santiago¹ de la Vega, Los Angeles, El Rio de los Camarones, Punta Cabrita and Nueva Sevilla;² even those distorted into Negro English, as Bog Walk and Wagwater, would come back to him with a pang when the harsh Celtic gutturals of his native land grated upon his ears.

As his ship gradually dropped the island out of sight, the houses in Port Royal disappearing first, and

¹ Founded by Diego de Colon, the Admiral's son. Now called Spanish Town.

² It was at this city, now long deserted and "bushed" over, that Peter Martyr of Anghera, once abbot of Jamaica, planned to build a castle and a church. Sir Hans Sloane saw the ruins of them during his visit to Jamaica in 1688. Peter Martyr was the first historian of the Indies, and had access to all the papers of Columbus.

then the town of Kingston with its tall palm trees sliding into the sea, he must have looked back at the Blue Mountain peaks till they too melted into the sky, leaving him standing on the poop, with his eyes aching.

CHAPTER NINE

WITH whatever feelings and regrets Robert Graham took his leave of Jamaica, he was destined never again to see the island, where he says himself in a letter written to a friend in after years he had passed the best years of his life.

How he fared on the voyage with his consumptive Creole wife, his little daughter and his black servant Tom,¹ he does not mention in any letter to his friends. People in those days, unless they suffered shipwreck, were attacked by privateers, or taken prisoner by the French, seemed to take such a voyage as that from the West Indies, a journey that must have taken a full month, as they took barratry of mariners, assaults of the King's enemies, or any other of the incidents, duly set forth in bills of lading, as the acts of God.

All must have gone well with him, for in August 1771, he writes to Dr. Tobias Smollett,² from London, where he seems to have been established since his return:

DR. TOBIAS SMOLLETT,

DEAR SIR,

A short time before I left Jamaica, I received your letter from Leghorn replete with various complaints. If Mr. Hamilton has used you badly, I heartily condole with you, but at the same time must begg you will consider that it was not in my power to preserve old houses from decaying, or to persuade people to give a high rent for them when they are in order.

¹ Afterwards buried at Gartmore in the family burial-ground.

² The novelist, and his neighbour in Dumbartonshire.

Everything in my power I have done to promote your interest, but believe me, it is no easy matter to collect money in Jamaica¹ as it is in general apprehended, more payments are effected in that island by discounts and a knowledge of the business of particular people than there is by money or Bills . . . I believe I have left Jamaica for a few years, and if I do not find these northern Climes suit my constitution, I shall follow your example and steer to the southward. Please let me know how your health is and when you propose making a visit to England.

R. B.

P.S.—I have changed my name from Graham in consequence of inheriting Bontine of Ardoch's estate.

Smollett, whom even Dr. Johnson, for all his joy in combat and hatred of the Scotch,² never dared to attack, was not accustomed to receive letters written in the strain in which my ancestor addressed him. As with all his truculence, Smollett was a man of genius and of sense, he probably swore a little, and then said, “*Damn me, the fellow's right!*”

Most of the year 1772 seems to have been passed in London, in settling his affairs in Jamaica, that he had been obliged to quit almost from one day to another on account of his wife's health. He writes to his brother-in-law Simon Taylor, in the autumn of the year 1772 about the affairs of a Miss Fanny Davies, the natural daughter of his kinsman Mr. Bontein,³

¹ This he must have known well from his experience as Receiver-General of the Taxes.

² The seraphic doctor's hatred of the Scotch most probably did not spring from any of the reasons he gave; but simply because they refused to knock under to him, and opposed a dogged front to his agreeable “bow-wow” manner.

³ The Mr. Bontein who manumitted his slaves at his decease. See Chapter VIII.

who by his will had constituted his friend Robert Graham, her guardian.

“ I am informed by Campbell ”, he says, “ that there is a fellow named Caesar upon the estate, he belongs to Fanny Davies. He also tells me there is a fellow named Stafford belonging to Bontein’s estate. Care must be taken that they are not delivered to Mosses attorney or valued as my property ”.

Throughout his life, Doughty Deeds never shrank from work of this sort, and cheerfully undertook the guardianship of several families, legitimate and illegitimate, of his Jamaican friends, guarding their interests with as much care as if they had been his own children.

In the same letter he tells Simon Taylor he is “ heartily tired of London, and that had it not been to serve my East India brother¹ I should hardly have thought of making it another visit ”.

In addition to the care of his own and his friends’ children, for years his brother Colonel Graham, always referred to as “ poor Jack ”, was a constant burden on him.

Their father, the grim old laird, seems to have washed his hands entirely of all responsibility for Jack, and indeed Laird Nicol was a man not easy to approach, respected but not loved, both by his family and by his friends.

For all that, before settling in Scotland, Robert Graham was obliged to go to Gartmore to present his wife to his stern father, for he tells Simon Taylor that he is going north by “ slow journeys ”, on account of his wife’s health.

He seems to have stayed at Gartmore, that he had

¹ Colonel John Graham.

not seen for so many years, about a month. Laird Nicol fell in love at once with his son's delicate Creole wife, and to his last hour treated her as if she had been his own child. What changes the retired Jamaican planter saw in his old home, he says no word of, but once or twice he writes to Glasgow, "by the carrier".

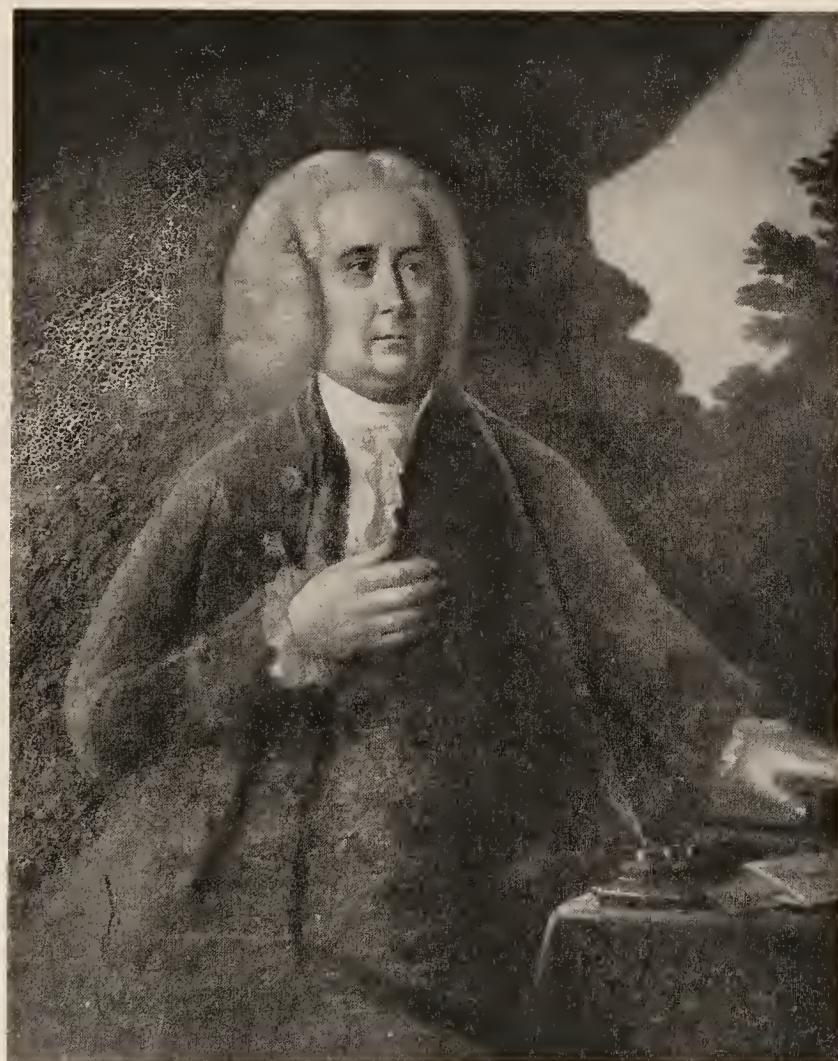
Most probably on account of his father's friendship with Walpole, and the political influence that he wielded in his part of Scotland, Robert Graham does not seem to have felt himself the least at sea in London, after the fashion of most men in those days who had spent years, either in India or the colonies.

He felt the difference of climate, for he writes to his friend Dougal Malcolm of Jamaica, asking him if he thought of visiting England or Scotland. "I own", he says, "you have a preferable climate¹ and may live as happy where you are, but some how or other most people have an inclination to leave Jamaica and end their days somewhere else". Most certainly he had none himself as his last letter from the island shows.

Men who have held good positions in the colonies or India are consumed with a strange longing to return and end their days in furnished lodgings in some provincial town, where at the club they curse the climate, talk about the tropics and regret the sun, and feel the loss of the brevet rank that they enjoyed by the mere fact of being white. This was not the case with Doughty Deeds, who, though he cursed the climate now and then, bravely encountered his new life.

Writing to his friend James Sholto Douglas in 1772, he says:

¹ He says nothing now about the joy of walking in snow "to midleg".



NICOL GRAHAM, ESQ., OF GARTMORE.

By BOGLE.

I must repair my house. I must furnish it. The repairs and additions to the house will cost about £800. The furnishing of the house will amount to nearly the same sum.

It was lucky that he had made money in Jamaica, for certainly he could not have raised so much in those days from the estate of Ardoch. He finishes his letter by asking for ten gallons of drinkable rum.

. . . I drink nothing but rum.

R. B.

ARDOCH, near DUMBARTON, *January, 1772.*

Time had brought its revenges. After so many years of exile, he had become a full-blown Scottish laird.

What his West Indian wife thought of the grim old Scottish country house, unfurnished and in disrepair, is difficult to say. She must have felt indeed as if she had come to a strange land. Instead of servile negroes, ready to anticipate her slightest wish, she found herself amongst a peasantry well educated and enterprising, but in those days rough and uncouth to a degree. Their sterling qualities were all below the surface, and were not easily to be appreciated by people not brought up amongst them. Even Doughty Deeds himself, who had lived so long in scenes and circumstances so widely different, must at first have felt much as a man feels marooned upon a desert island, when he sees the wind just fill the topsails of the departing ship.

The tall, old Scottish house of Ardoch, with its massive walls, small windows, its low front door, and the "corby steps" that graced the gables of all houses of the period, was built upon a little grassy

eminence that overlooked the Clyde. On the west side of it, there stood and stands to-day a huge old barn of solid masonry, also with "corby steps", and at the southern end, upon the point of the high gable, a roughly sculptured stone, with a grotesque head on each side of it, crowned by a Phrygian cap. After the fashion of the day, in most Scottish mansions, the buildings of the home farm, long, low and solid, were situated scarcely a stone's throw from the house. Over the windows of the dwelling house is the date, 1680, cut deep into the stone. A winding avenue that ran the whole length of a little glen, was entered by a gateway of hewn stone, with ornamented gate posts, on which swung a rough iron gate, probably fashioned by the local smith. An underwood of scrubby oak, the natural growth of all the Scottish districts of the west, was interspersed with fine old planted beech trees, that still rear their heads in the decayed, deserted avenue, now used as a farm road.

Here and there oaks that had been left as standards, but had attained considerable size, and here and there gigantic birch trees, bent over to the eastward by the perpetual south-west winds, leaned towards the avenue, and seemed about to fall, though they still stand, just as they must have stood when Robert Graham returned to face his duties as laird. Right in the middle of the deep little glen, a streamlet crossed the avenue, leaving a miniature shallow ford, where the burn prattled on the gravel, or roared a torrent, when it was in spate.

Upon its west bank, just underneath the knoll crowned by a knot of oaks a little swamp extended, where flags and bulrushes were always waving, stirred by the slightest breeze. Here and there in the little swamp green alders and a few struggling willows,

grew. The avenue wound on up to the house, passing a well over which grew a Turkey oak, twisted and flattened by the prevailing winds. After the Scottish fashion, the great walled garden, extending to at least two acres and a half, was situated nearly three hundred yards away, unlike the gardens in English houses of the period, that almost came up to the door. In the high wind-swept fields around the house, dignified with the name of parks, in Scotland, were clumps of sycamores, that in the autumn with their bunches of brown "keys", gave a false air of locust trees. All through the woods in spring, the guignes that grow so freely in that part of Scotland appeared to be weighed down with snow, so thickly were they covered with their white feathery flowers.

The Clyde, that in those days had no deep channel in the middle, dotted with fairway beacons, spread out in vast lagoons between the sands, especially at low water, when it retreated fully two miles from the shore. James Watt had not been born, so the atmosphere was not befouled with smoke belched forth by steamers, for the rare vessels on the river were small sailing ships and fishing boats. Greenock and Port-Glasgow were little towns that nestled on the shore, instead of as at present dominating all the river, and at night forming great horseshoes of electric light.

Salmon were caught in great abundance in front of Ardoch and of Finlaystone, and probably seals played on the rocks in the little bays upon the shore, as they still do in far-off lochs and fiords in the north. Dumbarton rock, crowned with its grey and uninviting-looking castle, was visible from just above the house; and Finlaystone, the seat of the Glencairns, stood on a cliff, right opposite, nearly three miles away. The

woods and the plantations that now clothe all the banks of the great river, had not been planted; but far away towards the west the jagged outline of the hills known as Argyll's Bowling Green, caught the last rays of sunset and were lighted up, red, yellow, orange and rose pink, till night enveloped them. The gap that shows the entrance to the Holy Loch must have been still more visible in the clear air undarkened by the smoke of steamers and of towns. The wide moors and the far-off hills behind Dumbarton, flecked after rain with silver streaks where streams ran down their sides, the mists that crept along the river in the early morning, and the wild melancholy so characteristic of all Scottish landscape where the intruding hand of man has left it virgin, were indeed a contrast to the scenery of the West Indies, with its perpetual sun.

Whether the new laird took great or little notice of his surroundings in his walks abroad, or if he merely drew his great-coat closer round him and cursed the bitter winds and driving rain, he does not let us know in any of his letters to his friends.

Perhaps his active mind was chiefly occupied with how he was to pay the sixteen hundred pounds that he would have to lay out on his house.

Life had its compensations even in the dreary climate of the north. In his clear commercial hand, upon the fly leaf of his Ardoch letter book he wrote:

“Post comes in Sunday evening . . . goes out
Sunday morning.

Tuesday evening . . . Tuesday morning.
Thursday evening . . . Thursday morning.”

This was an improvement on Jamaica, where he had to wait for a chance vessel going home to take his letters for him.

Robert Bontine of Ardoch, as he now was styled, was not a man to sit down and repine, and probably he set to work at once to get his house in order and improve his land.

If he was much employed in rural duties, he kept a keen eye on what was going on around him in society.

Writing to Jamaica to his brother-in-law, on March 28, 1772, he comments on "the various changes of fortune to which the first people in this Country are subject, from the rage for gaming which is so prevalent".

Gambling was a passion that he never suffered from. In all his letters to his friends, and some of them were self-revealing to a fault, he never mentions cards. This is the more extraordinary as from the first, after his return to his own country, his dearest friends were Fox and Sheridan.

Neither the cares of a neglected property, or a young family and a wife, who must have felt the change from the tropics to Dumbartonshire, with its perpetual rain and river fogs, severely, stopped the new laird of Ardoch from taking a keen interest in politics. His grim old father, he who an old relative of my own assured me many years ago, had "hanged up many a Broken Man after the '45", was known all over Scotland as a dominating personality. That personality he had transmitted to his son, who all his life held the aggressive Liberal principles of those days, that were embodied in the policy of Fox. None of them could bear the domination in local politics of any policy or any family except their own. So it is not extraordinary that Robert Bontine (as he was then in 1772) revolted at the domination of certain families in Dumbartonshire.

The following curious and outspoken letter shows clearly that twelve years of residence in a land of slaves had not impaired his Scottish radicalism. Men of weak mental fibre generally return either from India or from any country where they have lived amongst the coloured races, confirmed reactionaries.

Those, such as Doughty Deeds, with perhaps fewer illusions at the start, come back convinced that men, black, white, or yellow, are not much different from one another, when we come down to the few simple principles that in the past, and will for ever probably govern all mankind.

These kind of men see plainly that no one race stands to another, even the lowest in the social scale, as man stands to the dog.

Ardoch, as no doubt in those days he was called by all his neighbours, writes to his friend George Ramsay:

. . . It is needless to acquaint you that for some time past the A. family have claimed the sole management and direction of this country. Their interest was formerly powerful, the superior abilities and attention of the late Duke¹ gave him a right to take the lead, especially at a time when the spirit of independence by the disunited sentiments of the Inhabitants, gave him an opening which his political genius converted to his own purpose. The Case is now altered and the present Duke, in every respect unequal to his predecessor, supports a languid interest by the ability of his brother Lord Fredk., who is at present so sensible of the tottering² footing upon which the family stand that he has been using every art and

¹ Probably the Duke of Montrose.

² My ancestor's letter reminds one of the title of the celebrated pamphlet, "The Staggering State of Scottish Statesmen", by Scott of Scotstarvit.

subterfuge which the Law even seems to allow of to create Votes in a new and unprecedented manner. The generality of the Gentlemen of the County are (sensible?) of a deficiency in that respect of attention which they think themselves entitled to. They see that what can be obtained by parliamentary Interest bestowed upon the needy relations of their family, whilst they enjoy the satisfaction of bowing to a Man whose views overlook the Agents that have helped him up to Power. Some even of the most leading men have declared that they only want a *man of Enterprize* and they will support him.

This is an opening which is not beneath a Man of Spirit and what my future prospects give me a right to look at. But at the same time like a prudent General I would carefully survey my Ground before I will risk a battle.

R. B.

ARDOCH, by DUMBARTON,
Feb. 20th, 1773.

This was indeed blowing a heretic blast in the west, for the County of Dumbarton had for long been a close preserve of the "A. family". The man of enterprise was clearly indicated, and the whole letter shows the writer had profited by the experience he had gained in his elections in Jamaica, to the Assembly.

He had only been a year established in the west of Scotland; but he already evidently aspired to take a leading part in local politics.

He must have been, at the time he penned the letter, a little over forty years of age, and had not suffered yet from the disabling attacks of gout that he complains of in his advancing years. Scotland at that time was dominated by the influence of a few families, although a spirit of independence was beginning to arise.

From that day onward Doughty Deeds took part in every movement for political reform, keeping in touch assiduously with the chief leaders of his party, in and out of Parliament.

Like many others who have lived long in foreign parts and got accustomed to the people, he apparently had brought several West Indian negroes with him. One Martin seems to have got above himself, and so he sent him back to his old friend Angus Macbean, with a letter couched in a humorous vein.

MR. ANGUS MACBEAN, Jamaica.

By Captain Campbell you will receive your old friend Martin. He is too lively and sprightly to accommodate his disposition to the sedate Gravity of this Climate—dispose of him to the best advantage. I was offered £100 for him before I left Jamaica, and I think he is now worth a good deal more. As a friend I advise you not to purchase him yourself for he is too godly and thoughtless to do anything unless he is strictly attended to.

R. B.

ARDOCH, *March 24th, 1773.*

'Thoughtless and godly is an unusual though not impossible combination in a negro, and renders him just as disordered¹ as the itch.

My ancestor may have intended to write "giddy", but by good luck the word is blurred.

Not to extend to it full benefit of doubt would be a crime, for of all medicines for your inward bruise, humour is easily the best.

¹ See Chapter Eight.

CHAPTER TEN

As well as keeping an eye upon home politics, the Laird of Ardoch was not blind to what was passing in North America. What he had prophesied years ago in his youth when in Jamaica, was on the way to be fulfilled. Writing to his friend Macbean, he thanks him for a letter he had forwarded about a common friend. This gentleman had gone to North America on account of his health.

Doughty Deeds regrets "that the temper of the times had not been more suitable both to a Voyage of health and speculation; but long ere this, I hope he has found himself so much recovered as to have been able to have left that distracted country".

His fears were being realised, for at the time he wrote, the colonies in North America were seething with discontent.

His long experience of another colony had shown what amount of folly and of hidebound prejudice men brought up in the free air of the Americas would or would not put up with, before rising in revolt.

With all the affairs of a neglected estate upon his shoulders, his local politics and the care of his young family, it is a mark of his broad-mindedness that he was always interested in the progress of the world.

If though, after the fashion of the immortal Laird of Cockpen, the mind of the Laird of Ardoch was taken up with the affairs of state, he never let slip any duty that he had taken on himself.

In the same letter he writes these curious passages

about his ward, Miss Fanny Davies, for whose future he had made himself responsible:

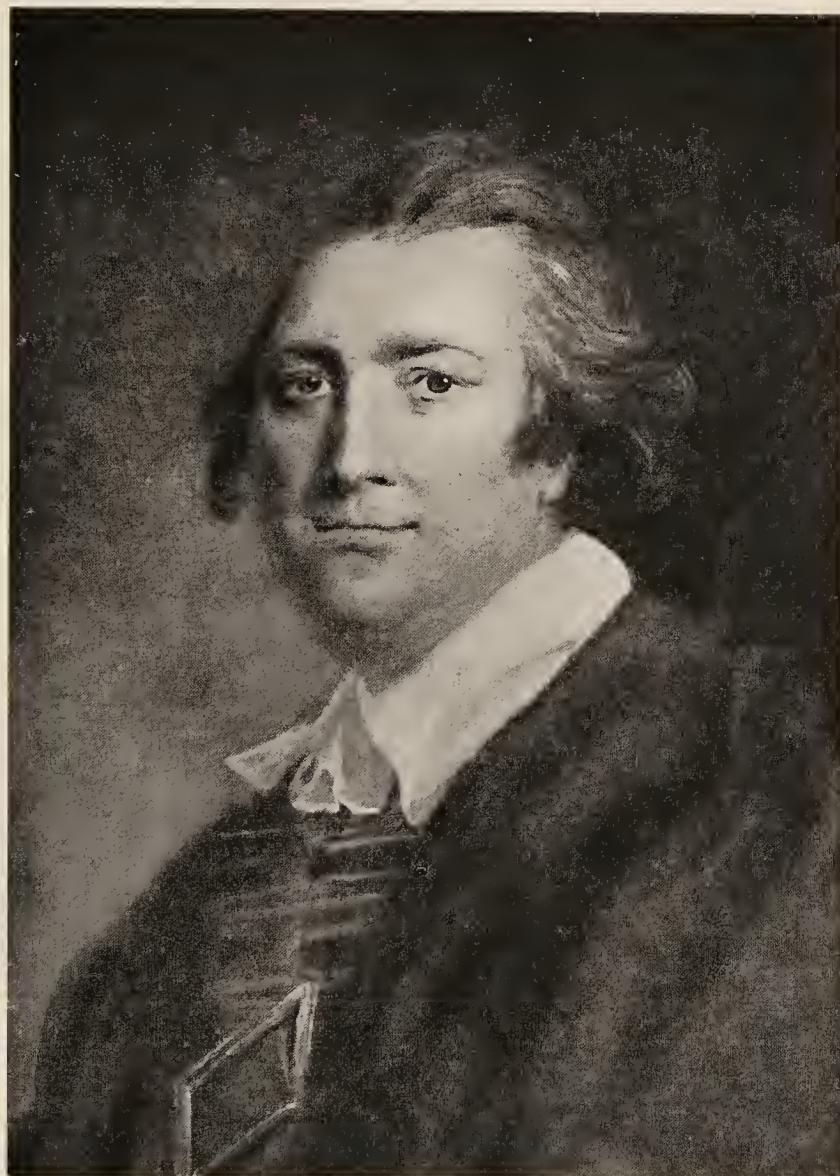
In regard to Fanny Davies, I see there is a balance due to her of £532, 10s. 3d. (currency). Your last letter to me is of the 15th April giving me your opinion in regard to her education and property, all which is extremely judicious, and tho' I believe when we consider the general mode of female education in the West Indies, especially amongst people of a certain Rank, and the company which from unavoidable circumstances they are obliged to keep, you will agree with me in thinking that in a very few years, if not immediately, she ought to leave the Island in order to secure her person (if she is only tolerably handsome) and her money which will go amongst with it, from destruction.

R. B.

Doughty Deeds had evidently no illusions about Society in the West Indies; but then an old poacher often makes the best gamekeeper. The gulf in social customs that existed in those days between the north and south is well illustrated by a letter to Simon Taylor in Jamaica, written from Ardoch in 1773, upon Christmas Day. As is well known, Scotland in older days took all her fashions, many of her customs and many words of her familiar speech¹ from France. Even the English method of building up an argument by steps did not appeal to the logical and more agile Scottish mind, that preferred the speculative, deductive method of the French.

The Scottish law followed and follows the Roman legal system, and would be easier by far to codify than

¹ Few people from south of the Tweed have ever heard the old Scotch word "galimathias", so expressive of confusion, and so picturesque in the mouth of an old country woman.



ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

By PYNE.

In the possession of Archibald D. Speirs, Esq., of Laurel Hill, Stirling.

the English judge-made hotchpot of decisions that each succeeding judge may modify.

In Scotland in the days of Doughty Deeds, Christmas was an unknown festival. The Scots and French kept New Year's Day; but in Jamaica, as a Crown Colony, naturally English customs were the rule, despite the fact that nearly all the settlers were Scotch.

How they consumed the beef, the pudding, the mince-pies, and drank their port, finishing up with punch, in such a climate, is a problem only to be solved by gout.

DEAR SIMON,

At this Season you are all Mirth and festivity in Jamaica, and in this distempered and inhospitable climate we are devouring Greasy Geese.

I am *now* of Sannig's opinion that there are few places equal to Jamaica. I am sure Scotland is not, and could I afford to live some degrees to the Southward I should soon change my abode—but necessity, not inclination, obliges me to be a Philosopher.

The cold has been very hard this last winter upon Annie, and has frequently upon her Account made me curse the hour I left the West Indies, for notwithstanding we keep on good coal fires and that our house is pretty warm, yet the season has affected her much, and of late she is more sensible of the frosty Weather and change of air than she otherways would be. . . .

As to myself, I drawl out my life as well as I can, dunning a sett of miserable wretches of tennants, and when I gett £50 or £40 squeezed from them, laying it out in Hedges and ditches that I may one day or another make something of this place, and indeed if I was free of my two old Annuitants I would make a pretty tolerable Shift, but it has pleased Heaven, I

believe as a Punishment for my past offences, to bestow upon them Immortality.

Your affec. brother and
Humble Servant,

R. B.

This letter must have been written after devouring the greasy geese, on a day when the east wind brings a cold penetrating, but still almost imperceptible, mist¹ that pierces to the bones. Then the last lingering dead leaves flutter down like dying bats, the dried-up sedge and flags rustle as if they suffered with the cold, and even sheep gather for shelter under the lea of the loosely built stone dykes.

When I first copied out the letter I was not certain whether to laugh or cry. So I did neither; but going into the dining-room at Ardoch, where Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of Doughty Deeds (painted on panel) hangs above the mantelpiece, I had a long look at it.

The people of those days had a capacity of resisting strong wines, heavy food and violent medicines that moves our admiration, and should make us return thanks to some superior power that we were born into a milder age.

Nearly all who could afford it and had minds open to the advance of science, had their children inoculated against smallpox, just as to-day they are all vaccinated. Both systems have their drawbacks; but with faith, both have seemed tolerable to their advocates, and men have died and worms have eaten them. Inoculation seems to have been a serious affair, judging by a letter dated "from London, 5th April, 1774," to Simon Taylor.

¹ Known as an easterly haar.

Annie (his wife) sends her sincere love and Compliments to you. She is so happy to-day, I can hardly speak to her; little Patty was inoculated about a week ago, the Eruptive fever has left her to-day and I hope all danger is now over. . . . Margaret looks as if she would turn out a genteel girl; . . . her sister Martha is a boisterous termagant, red-cheeked country girl.

R. B.

After the Christmas letter, it is pleasant to think of joy reigning in the grim, old, wind-swept, rain-beaten house of Ardoch. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had much to answer for, though it may well be that her nostrum saved Miss Margaret Graham's face from being pitted like a sieve.

In the same year (1773), Doughty Deeds' sister married Sir Robert Dalzell of Binns, a descendant of the celebrated Dalzell of Binns, the friend of Claverhouse. This marriage helped to consolidate her brother's influence in politics.

How he employed his time at Ardoch during the remainder of the year, there are no letters left to show. Probably in the usual duties of a country laird of moderate fortune, planting and draining, fighting against the Tory influence then so strong in Scottish counties, with an occasional visit to Edinburgh to see his lawyers, an occupation that even now fills up no small portion of the time of country gentlemen.

However, the year 1774 was to bring about a great change in his circumstances. His elder brother William had for some time been in poor health, and early in the year 1774 had gone to Lisbon, then much recommended by the faculty as a health resort. There he remained until his death, which must have occurred late in the same year, for in February 1775 his brother

writes to Simon Taylor in Jamaica to acquaint him of it.

William had married, in 1767, a Miss Porterfield of Porterfield, and by her left three daughters,¹ but no son. Thus Doughty Deeds found himself the heir to Gartmore, where his grim old father Nicol still lived and managed all the district.

SIMON TAYLOR, Jamaica.

It is as yet uncertain whether my Brother's death will make any alteration in my situation.

. . . His Wife was abroad with him; she is not yet returned. If she is with child and brings a boy, I remain as I am; if she is not with child, I should again change my name and inherit my father's estate, which is very considerable, for my brother has as yet no sons.

Their father, old Laird Nicol, though nearly eighty years of age, still enjoyed rude health, and as he seems to have been of far more temperate habits than his son, and probably had passed his life almost entirely in the open air at Gartmore, with the exception of a visit now and then to London or to Edinburgh, appeared apparently, built to withstand the assaults of age, for several years to come.

Doughty Deeds' own health was far from being so robust. The tropics and his love of port, of claret and of punch had, though he still was not much past forty, exposed him to serious attacks of gout, that scourge of the four Georges' reigns.

In all the delicate affairs of life Angus Macbean of Kingston seems to have been his confidant.

He writes to him in January 1775:

¹ One of the daughters, Harriet, married Sir John Scott of Ancrum.

I had some hints of a serious nature which to prevent Uneasiness to my Wife and my friends I concealed; these were an attack of gout in my Stomach. It is well known that when this disorder is confined to the extremities, more pain than danger is to be apprehended, but when it approaches the Vitals the case is otherways, and without the greatest circumspection and regularity the consequences become soon fatal, at any rate in the best constitutions it makes a speedy progress.

He impresses on his friend to settle up his affairs in Jamaica, and winds up by wishing him all the compliments of the season.

He was destined to enjoy twenty more years of life, and had he but been wise enough to eschew sack (and punch) he might have lived to as green an old age as his father, the redoubtable old laird.

In the same letter he refers to the affairs of his ward, Miss Fanny Davies, in terms that show he was always actuated by the highest motives in all that he considered of the nature of a trust.

“ It is necessary not only from Conscience, but Humanity that she should be attended to, and altho’ I dare say nothing is omitted on your part, yet I am anxious to see her properly established.”

It is quite evident that the warning he had had brought the instability of life sharply before his mind. He did not take the warning, and the result was that as the years advanced he found himself constantly crippled by attacks of gout.

It has been advanced by competent observers that in no countries of the world do women exercise so little influence upon life as in England and the United States. That, too, in despite of the fact that in both

countries they have full social and political equality. In England it is patent to all eyes, and of America I leave Americans to speak.

Certain it is in France that men consult their wives on their affairs, take their advice, and often leave them full control to run their business.

Notwithstanding votes and seats in Parliament, in England women scarcely count, as women. If they do count, it is as citizens, a very different thing. Possibly it is better both for women and for men.

Although in 1774 there was no talk of female franchise, still less of sex equality, the views my ancestor professed on the sex question are interesting enough. 'Tis true of course that he was a Trans-Tweedian, and that in Scotland women have always exercised more influence, as women, upon men, than they have done amongst the practical, but less romantic dwellers in the south.

Why, wherefore, or in response to what remonstrance or what query, speculation or what not, my ancestor addressed the excerpt that I take from a letter to one Dougal Malcolm in Jamaica is difficult to see.

. . . It is said that women are fickle, changeable creatures. I have always found them the best part of the Creation, and till I know them to be otherways I will not alter my opinion altho' some half of my own sex revile against them and the other speak against them.

My ancestor was quite a feminist before his time. The way he looks at the whole question is far more French than English; but then the Scotch in all such matters always followed France.

Things were beginning to shake down at Ardoch,

for in the same letter in which he moralises upon women, after the Gallo-Scottish fashion, he invites his friend Mr. Malcolm, who apparently had been in bad health, to visit him.

... My house is tolerable, my income moderate, my mutton excellent; I plant my turnips and fear neither hurricanes or blasts. I am no merchant and therefore not troubled with paying Bills, though I wish now and then to renew them. I sometimes (laugh?) at the world and sometimes with it. . . . I hope that this climate will remove your complaints, even renew your youth, anything is to be expected from your native air; moderate exercise and that great preservative and restorer of health, temperance. I have experienced the good effects of all these, and if the Whoreson Gout will only keep out of my Guts, I do not despair of seeing my grandchildren's children; provided good Claret can keep him (the gout) out, I shall take care he never enters. Port is a bad Wine for him—have nothing to do with it. Your goat's milk is at best a so-so medicine, unless for Girls troubled with green sickness; but if you wish to try it, I shall take care to have you regularly supplyed, altho' there are no goats immediately in this neighbourhood.

Upon the whole, entrust your crazy carcase to my care, and I will answer for it. One Summer under such management as I shall pursue will produce better effects than all the pills and potions of the Medical Tribe, and as an inducement I shall allow you once a week to go the length of a Magnum Bonum, which I call a Debauch. R. B.

Whether the friend tried "your goat's milk" or the Magnum Bonum is not recorded in any further letters, but the mere mention of the Magnum Bonum, even once a week, showed that had Galen or Hippo-

crates risen from the dead to point a moralising finger, the Laird of Ardoch would not have listened to them.

Fortune, however, smiled on him, though he defied the laws of health. He writes to Simon Taylor in August 1775:

... Annie was this morning brought to bed of a fine boy; both she and the child have continued perfectly well ever since. Her goodness of heart and attention to me were never more evident than at present, for her happiness I am sure proceeds more from the Anxiety that she knew my friends had for a Son, than any preference which she herself wished for.

I proposed naming him John Taylor,¹ for I really do not think Simon a pretty name;² but Annie says John has been an unlucky name³ to both of us, and I propose calling him William Cunningham after the old Earl of Glencairn, who, she says, has treated her as his own daughter ever since she came to this country.

My brother's Widow has returned from Lisbon a few weeks ago; she is not with child, so if God spares this Younker he will probably inherit a good estate (Gartmore), and in the meantime his father is hard pushed to make it out, for I have a debt of my poor brother's⁴ to discharge which amounts to £1500.

There must have been something very engaging

¹ After Sir John, Simon Taylor's elder brother. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Lady Taylor; the picture is now at Petworth.

² For all that, it would have gone very well with Graham.

³ Colonel John Graham, Doughty Deeds' brother, was always in debt and difficulties, and Sir John had a son Jack who was also a trouble to his family.

⁴ His elder brother, William. Doughty Deeds always made himself responsible for all the debts of his family, and seldom grumbled about it, though in this case he says his father might have paid the debt, "as he wallows in money". That this was not entirely the case, Doughty Deeds found out when he inherited the estate. Though his father was well off, the great rise in the value of property came in his own time, and not in that of Laird Nicol.

about the gentle Creole lady, whose features Sir Joshua has preserved so finely. Not only did the amiable old Earl of Glencairn love her as his own daughter, but so did the grim, old, hard-bitten laird of Gartmore, a much more curious thing.

The letter shows (I think) the writer at his best.

From that date he reassumed the family name of Graham, and in a few months old Laird Nicol, after eighty years of stormy and successful life, departed to his appointed place.

His son has left no note as to the manner of his father's death. What he died of I do not know; but I am certain that the dour laird died as he had lived, with courage and with resolution, for he was one of those who never look back, when once they have set their hands upon the plough. His picture, by a Scottish artist of the name of Bogle,¹ shows him a man of middle age and average stature, well built and with a look of one who has passed his life in the country rather than in town. He is not weather-beaten, but his cheeks are red, although not high coloured, or mottled, as is so often seen in portraits of fox-hunting squires.

Over the whole man there is a look of resolution and self-confidence, and the firm mouth and the thin lips set tightly on the teeth that they conceal entirely, is the chief indication that when roused, or when he thought the Hanoverian Succession was attacked, he could show himself a "fell old carle". Such was the epithet I heard applied to him in youth, by an old countryman, then himself eighty years of age.

"Gartmore" is dressed in a full-skirted blue velvet

¹ Bogle also drew the gracious figure of Lady Margaret Cunningham, Laird Nicol's wife. Both portraits are in most curious green wooden frames, ornamented with a scroll designed in gold.

coat and a braided waistcoat, with steenkirk round his neck, and at his wrists lace ruffles. His small-clothes are of pale yellow kerseymere, and from his fob there hangs a bunch of seals.

One strong white hand is on his breast, the other rests on a table, where by a silver inkstand lies a letter addressed to Nicol Graham, Esq., of Gartmore. Over his head the red curtain, sacramental in those days, is draped into a loop, by a red worsted cord.

Twenty-one years of age when the rising of the '15 took place, he had seen the country-side emerge from turmoil and confusion to a more settled state of things, largely by his own effort and the example that he gave.

He was the first of all the lairds upon that portion of the Highland Line to refuse to pay blackmail to keep his cattle safe from the marauding caterans above the Pass of Aberfoyle.

As he began, so did he continue, defying even the redoubtable Rob Roy, hunting down and, as tradition says, hanging¹ occasionally, the last of the banditti who for so long had ravaged both the Lennox and the District of Menteith. He indeed saw changes in his long passage through the world. Born somewhere about 1695, when the clan system in the Highlands was in full vigour, he lived to see it broken up, most of the chiefs in exile and their national dress prohibited.

All the face of the country in those eighty years had undergone great changes. Agriculture had advanced considerably. The rough Highland garron, on which most probably he had ridden as a boy, had given place to a neat, crop-tailed hack.

¹ The three blocks of pudding-stone, where tradition says the gallows stood, are still to be seen on the north side of the great beech avenue, almost opposite the remains of Gartartan Castle.

Roads were being made, and the use of arms was being discontinued. What had not changed, and what I hope he had a last look at before the end, was the view westward, from the dining-room at Gartmore, over the moss that rings round that side of the Lake of Menteith, with its castled isle, its ruined priory, and with the shadowy Ben Dhu reflected in its darkling waters.

The fingers of the great cedar by the window seem to point to it, and frame the vision of the lake between them and a clump of beeches hard by the garden wall.

The loved, familiar features of the landscape had not changed, nor the white mists that seethe and steam in the great Corrie of Balglass. Far off Uam-Var was just visible from the Drum Wood behind the house, peeping up timidly between Stuc-a-Chroin and Ben Voirlich.

Distant Ben More still stood on guard above Loch Voil, and the long shoulder of Ben Ledi stretched up to the clouds. Nearer at home, the great beech avenue was growing up; the cedars that he had planted in his youth must have grown into a considerable size, and the dark peaty pond, edged round so thickly with alders and with birch, lay mysterious and dark, with its black waters broken occasionally by the rings that the trout left when rising at the flies.

All these he must have cherished, unseen, but binding, chains that fix a man to where he has lived out his life, struggled and planned and been victorious as far as it is possible to win a battle, that has a foregone ending from the first.

Well, well, his battle over, the stark, old laird sleeps in the little burial-ground beside a clump of lime trees at the end of a grass path, edged on the one side by

evergreens, and on the other by clumps of barberries. The owls hoot their long threnody to one another in the drear winter nights, and flit as noiselessly as snow-flakes fall, from tree to tree.

Rabbits play in the bright moonlight on the grassy path, and from the woods around rises the plaintive belling of the roe.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

DOUGHTY DEEDS was now a great landed proprietor, with all the cares and the advantages of his position.

He did not remove at once to Gartmore, as his mother Lady Margaret still was there. When he did go, he found that there was a good deal to do towards the alteration and modernisation of the house.

In April 1776 he still writes from Ardoch to Simon Taylor to tell him of his affairs at Gartmore. Laird Nicol, as he says, left £7000 in the bank. This was a large sum for a country gentleman of those days to leave. He is confident that with the two estates of Ardoch and Gartmore he will have sufficient “to enable me to support that rank and fashion to which I am entitled”, also to educate his children, to discharge his mother’s jointure and his brother’s debts, “which I thought myself in conscience obliged to pay”. Owing to his improved financial position he wished to settle his accounts with Sir John Taylor, Simon’s brother, and asks him “to settle our accounts on the terms most satisfactory to himself” (*i.e.* to Sir John).

He goes on to say:

When I selected your sister to become my Wife, Pecuniary Views were beneath my consideration. I wanted happiness—I have not been deceived in the Sentiments I entertained of her, and have enjoyed, and still enjoy more happiness than perhaps falls to the share of one man (.) than when she honoured me with her hand.

He was certainly happily married. All his letters breathe affection and respect for his wife.

As time went on, he found himself even more deeply immersed in business and responsibilities. The guardian of his brother William's children, he had to provide for the girls' education. Their mother seems to have had no idea of living according to her means, for once or twice Doughty Deeds has to caution her against extravagance and tell her to economise, because her girls, when they grew up, would require more money for "Dress and Company".

On the 6th of December 1776 he writes to his friend Robert Cooper Lee:

Was you ever in Scotland? Have you a wish to see the wildest part of the world? I want you and Mrs. Lee to come down in the summer, from an Idea alone of novelty. I think you will both like it and enjoy it in the summer months.

He might have been writing of Chiloe, or the territory about the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Scotland had been so much disturbed, or at least the country beyond the Highland Line, that the idea of wildness died very hard. It may be that my ancestor only referred to the scenery that, in spite of tourists and millionaires from America, has remained quite rugged in some places. This is not probable, for in those days wild scenery was not much admired.

Country life, with all its cares and its responsibilities, always appealed to the Laird of Gartmore, as he was now styled. He writes from Gartmore to Angus Macbean, who of all his correspondents, even more than his brother-in-law, Simon Taylor, had his greatest confidence, to tell him of his life:

I am never unemployed, but it is of a kind I always relished, that of Country Improvements and Agriculture. . . . In short I am so situated that I can be happy without entering into the Bustle of the world.

GARTMORE, 1776.

R. G.

From a letter late in 1776 to John Johnston, Esq., George Square, Edinburgh, who seems to have been a lawyer, it appears that his elder brother William's debts, for which he made himself responsible, were more considerable than he had supposed. He is concerned "that some gentlemen may suffer in consequence of my brother's death, and the situation of his affairs, yet I consider it as some Consolation that I am myself by much the largest Creditor and the greatest sufferer".

This is not the way of most creditors, who, so far from finding consolation in bad debts, usually rail at Providence for having singled them out of so many millions of far worse men to become scapegoats for the shortcomings of mankind.

It is interesting to read in a letter to John Graham, Esq., of Kingston, in 1777, that the board of a boy, probably illegitimate, if one considers the custom of the country, in the Jamaica of those days cost only £5 a season at the Grammar School. His schooling, Doughty Deeds says, might cost anything from £12 up to £40 a year. In regard to his own illegitimate younker, he writes to Mr. Thomas Kirkby in Yorkshire that if he does not show more aptitude for study he should learn a handicraft.

Few men have taken the cares of family more to heart than Doughty Deeds. In addition to his own children by his wife, and the thick-headed younker,

there was the progeny of "various complexions" ¹ in Jamaica that he was not the man to leave to starve. Not content with all this tribe of younkers, he also looked after the education of the children of his old boon companion Angus Macbean of Kingston, but had them all duly inoculated for the smallpox.

1777 found the Laird of Ardoch and of Gartmore working hard improving his estates.

He writes to George Campbell, Esq., of Kingston, from Ardoch:

The alterations that I have made here and at Gartmore would surprise you, and in a few years more, if the cursed gout keeps at a distance I shall have humanized the face of a Country that was once as Savage as Lapland and Nova Zembla, and even after I have done everything that can be expected I shall leave enough for my Successors to do.

His energy was boundless. It is curious that he always seemed to regard the country in which he had been born as if it had been a new colony, waiting to be civilised.

He certainly was a true prophet as to his successors, who have enough to do, in the same field in which he laboured, down to the present day.

He adds a postscript:

A new Brewerie is lately set up in Glasgow, their ale is very good and in such reputation here, do me the favour to accept a Cask of it.

Scotch ale must have been rather heavy tipple for the West Indies, though not so lethal as old port.

In all his letters, my ancestor never once mentions whisky, an omission, one would think, almost as

¹ See Chapter Seven.

strange as that of Shakespeare not to notice most divine tobacco in any of his plays. Surely Ancient Pistol must have smoked and Corporal Nym and Bardolph been mighty drinkers of the Indian weed!

When he left Jamaica, Robert Graham had formed a resolution never again to enter into business life; but his concern for everything that touched the welfare of the island induced him in 1778 to advance £250 to a Captain Stephenson to help to fit out a ship for the Jamaica trade, " altho' I had a dislike to everything that carried the appearance of again entering into commercial life ".

It almost looks as if he had not strictly kept to " good claret " instead of port, or had neglected goat's milk, for in a letter to Mrs. Smollett at Leghorn (August 13, 1773), he apologises for " making use of another hand than my own ", owing to the gout.

The war still dragged on with the French, and the nation seems (in 1778) to have fallen into one of the fits of despondency that it has given way to occasionally during other wars.

SIMON TAYLOR, Esqr., Kingston.

ARDOCH, November 25th, 1778.

DEAR SIMON,

It would give me pleasure could I wish you anything to comfort you upon Public Affairs; but we are still in our former situation, saving that some individuals have been successful by Captures from the French.

The coming Session of Parliament awakens every body's curiosity, and it is said the conduct of both our Land and Sea Officers will undergo a severe Scrutiny — The Spaniards are full of promises, but it is thought that had a French decission been any how successful, they would not have so long delayed showing their

real Inclination to co-operate with them. Our Jamaica people here seem under no apprehension for the Island; but some do not hesitate in saying that Jamaica is their first object in the West Indies, that they wished they started the first Blows. I hope not, but at the same time I anxiously wish that you had less property there, and were on this side of the water. R. G.

Certainly the state of the British West Indian islands in those days was most precarious, and there were little preparations for defence. The same applied to the French islands, and had Jamaica been seriously attacked, a threat to Martinique would have compelled the French to hurry off to its defence. The only islands in the Caribbean Sea that were really strongly fortified were Cuba, Puerto Rico and the rest of the possessions of the crown of Spain, and Spain, as is to be seen from Doughty Deeds' own letter, had not declared herself upon the side of France. Taking all things into consideration, it appears he was afraid of being drowned in very little water, as the old saw sets forth.

However, he was fully persuaded that Jamaica was in danger of being taken by the French.

On March 5, 1779, he writes to Mr. John Graham, Water House Plantation, Liguanea, Jamaica, in a warning strain:

. . . I can not help thinking that it will be your most prudent method to get every part of your property to Great Britain as speedily as you can. The times are precarious and if we continue the War with no better success than we have hitherto done it is more than likely that most of the West Indies will fall to the lot of America.

The war was indeed going against us, at the moment

that he wrote. The national love of mediocre men and its instinctive dread of ability had exposed us to several mortifying checks. As usual we came out well at the end; but our initial want of preparation and disregard of all precautions had cost us thousands in treasure and in lives.

Still, he had time for more domestic cares, and a not altogether unnatural longing for things that might remind him of the sun. He writes to George Campbell, Esq., Jamaica, in the same year, in a far happier vein:

The luxury of having a Pinery in this country I could not resist and I depend upon my friends for supplies of plants, tho' as yet it is in its infancy. I have had some good well-flavoured fruit and by the time Mrs. Campbell and you return to Scotland I hope to entertain you with pineapples and grapes not above ten degrees inferior to those you have in Jamaica.

Things apparently were going better in the war, for he goes on to say:

I give you joy of your escape from an invasion, everybody here trembled for you, but we have lately had the pleasure of knowing that Dessaing (?) had gone to the Northward. You certainly prepared, by all public accounts, for making a gallant defence and had nothing considering your numbers and discipline to dread from any attempt of the Enemy.

EDINBURGH, 15th December 1779.

The pinery shows an almost pathetic longing for a brighter climate and its fruit. The news that the inhabitants of Jamaica had been prepared to make a stout resistance had evidently taken a great weight from his mind.

In 1779 the Laird of Gartmore with his family

removed to Edinburgh, where he had bought a house in order that his daughters should be educated according to the canons of the day. Their father writes to his brother-in-law, Mr. Taylor, that both their mother and himself "had natural objections to a Boarding School education". Most probably, in Edinburgh, the girls attended classes, and had professors of the "genteel arts of good society" to visit them at home. Doubts still seem to have existed as to the safety of Jamaica, for he says in the same letter in which he tells about the house in Edinburgh:

I very seriously felt for the situation in Jamaica upon receiving your letter of the 9th March (he was writing on the 15th December) and think that about that time you owed your safety to a number of circumstances which could not have then been foreseen or expected. We can not always rely upon such a happy combination of events in our favour, and if the French and Spaniards combine to increase their Naval strength as they have been doing for some time past, I am much afraid no extention that we are able to make will put us on an equality with them even with the assistance of the Empress of Russia. . . . The Devil take the French with all my heart, by your bounty, had it not been for them, I might now have been drinking good well flavoured Rum in place of cursed stale Burnt stuff for which I pay 10/- a gallon—but I live in hopes of better times and that we shall yet be able to turn the tables on them.

No attacks of gout he ever seems to have connected with rum drinking, but to have taken them merely as visitations from on high, that he could not avoid.

His faith in Providence, or in his country's capacity to emerge scathless out of all her muddles, was still unimpaired, or perhaps in Edinburgh he had better



GARTMORE HOUSE, PERTHSHIRE, 1790 (*circa*).

From a design in needlework by a lady of the family.

information as to what was going on than in the grim old mansion in the west.

Rum or good claret found him out again in March 1780, for he writes to Simon Taylor that he has been confined six weeks to bed

unable to move or help myself. . . . Mrs. Graham was taken ill (I am afraid in a great measure from her anxiety and fatigue about me) and was brought to bed of a dead child.

Both of us are now getting better, but it is slowly and will be so till our summer weather come in which generally restores our West Indian constitutions. . . . By this opportunity I send you a box containing two views of my house at Gartmore as it has been altered and added to under your sister's direction and taste, it does credit to her as an Architect; but the apartments I think, do her more.

She has provided an excellent room for you to take a pipe in.

Per the ship General Dolling from Greenock.

Settled at Gartmore as he now was, a man of substance and probably the inheritor of much of old Laird Nicol's influence in local matters, he had time to turn his thoughts to literary matters, and it is probable enough that it was between the years of 1780 and 1790 that he wrote his lyric, "Doughty Deeds".

Leisure and the romantic situation of the place, the old-world memories that still haunted that part of Scotland, just where the Highlands and the Lowlands meet, the shaggy hills all clad with heather in the summer and in the winter capped with snow, the shaggy copses, unbridged streams and tracks that led into the mountains, once used by drovers on their way to Falkirk Tryst, most likely stirred the vein of poetry

that had been buried under the stress of a commercial life.

A letter that he addressed to Thomas Sheridan, Esq., from Edinburgh, on April 8, 1780, showed that he kept a watchful eye on what was going on in London, in the literary world.

SIR,

Proposals for a dictionary of the English Language with your name, induced me to wish the work in the Hands of all my friends in this country, not only from regard to the Author, but from a conviction of the Utility we might receive from it.

It was with pleasure therefore that I engaged at poor Aikenhead's request to dispose of Ten Receipts. Various accidents have prevented me from sending you the name of the Subscribers.

I shall subjoin them and enclose you a Bill for £12 10/-, the amount of the ten Receipts at 25/- each agreeable to conditions. You'll please to direct the Books to be sent to me to the care of Mr. William Creech, Bookseller, Edinburgh. Subscribers' names:

The Earl of Glencairn.

The Honble. John Cunningham of the 14th Light Horse.

Sir William Cunningham of Caprington, Bart.

Alexander Cunningham of Craigends, Esqre.

William MacDowal of Garthlands, Esqre.

William Richardson, Esqre., Professor of Humanity, Glasgow University.

Mr. John Hall, student, College of Glasgow.

Duncan Graham of Lauriston, Esqre.

William Cunningham Graham, Esqre.

Robert Graham of Gartmore, Esqre.

Dr. Johnson must have been preparing his great dictionary not much before this time, but Doughty Deeds was not a member of his circle, for if he

had been, Boswell would have been sure to mention him.

The years went on at Gartmore prosperously, and few of the Laird's letters are worth recording, as is usually the case when all goes well with us.

He writes to Simon Taylor on December 7, 1780:

. . . Before poor Jack ¹ left the country, he wished to have some table linen of the best kind made in Scotland, he and I drew a pattern, I got it executed and made a present of one suit to Lady Taylor,² the other I beg your acceptance of, as it has your family arms, it comes with propriety to you, and I flatter myself you will admire it. . . . My boys are in good health, William goes to College next year; but neither to Oxford nor Cambridge. I send him to Glasgow under the care of Richardson who has been long an intimate and particular friend.

R. G.

GARTMORE, February 1787.

All his life Robert Graham had a warm side towards his brother Colonel John, paying his debts and contriving marriages for him that never came to anything, for Colonel John was one of those shy birds who are not caught with chaff or flattery, or anything that may turn out to their advantage, esteeming liberty above all things on earth. His brother loved him, possibly because of the great difference in their characters.

All was now going well with the late Receiver-General of Jamaica. His house was added to and enlarged, and probably about that time he built the noble drawing-room, decorated by one of those bands of Italian workmen, who at that epoch seemed to have

¹ Colonel John Graham.

² One of these "suits", either Lady Taylor's or Colonel John Graham's, is still at Ardoch.

perambulated Scotland, leaving such fine specimens of stucco work.

His children, too, were growing up, and his wife's health seemed to have improved, although I fancy when the east winds blew up across the Carse of Stirling, straight from the North Sea, and days of rain succeeded days of rain, she must have often wished herself at Roaring River, starting out for a ride round the plantation, with a nigger running by her side.

The Laird himself was never idle for a moment. The care of his estate and the keen interest that he took in politics, local and national, occupied all his time. A graduate of Glasgow University, he kept in touch with his old Alma Mater, through his friend Professor Richardson, himself a native of Menteith. To him he sent his eldest son, when the time came for him to go to college, writing to Simon Taylor to tell him that "I shall not send William either to Oxford or to Cambridge but to Glasgow University".

Professor Richardson, during these years, passed all his holidays in a cottage at Bridgend of Gartmore. The cottage stood just at the west end of the bridge across the Forth. The bridge itself, high-pitched in those days, and with solid piers to stem the furious spates that roared down from the hills only three miles away, was built by Marshal Wade. The sullen Forth, dark and mysterious, but so clear that you could see the salmon as they made their way up the river, ran through rough pastures bordered with alder bushes, whose branches trailed into the stream.

Masses of foam floated upon its surface, borne down from where it took its rise in the wild hills of Duchray.

Under the central arch a pike eternally was basking, watchful and waiting, looking so like a piece of trailing

weed that it required sharp eyes to catch the markings on its side, and the swift motions of its tail.

The cottage thatched with heather, its roof kept on by birchen poles weighted down with rough stones, its chimneys wooden boxes, and windows never made to open, stood on a little grassy knoll. By the front door there was an oven made of bricks, beside the wall a heavy cheese press made of stone. The byre for cattle joined the cottage, and the midden stood conveniently close to it. No one objected in those days to such surroundings, and the Professor probably studied the Humanities inside the cottage by a tallow candle; but for all that he was a scholar, with all the classics at his fingers' end.

Poverty in the north was never incompatible with real refinement, which in itself is an interior quality, and quite distinct from mere material surroundings, comfort or luxury.

A little path, worn deep into the moor by the feet of cattle and of Highland ponies, and shut off by a rough wooden gate, whose fastening was the iron backband of a cart, led through some heathery fields and scrubby copses to a great pool, called locally the Linn a' Hamish. There, so said tradition, one Hamish¹ had been drowned, though who he was, or in what circumstances he had met his fate in the dark, silent pool, all knowledge had been lost.

White dazzling sand and banks of shining gravel, on the rare days of sunshine, contrasted sharply with the black waters of the river and thick copse woods that just above the pool shut it in like a stream in the tropics with a wealth of greenery.

Right in the middle of the wide expanse of gravel,

¹ Hamish = James.

just opposite to where a tiny burnlet brings its small, peaty contribution to the Forth, and at whose mouth a shoal of minnows always played, there is a grassy mound. On it, it may be that the Laird and his friend Professor Richardson sat on fine days, read Horace, talked of the Alps and Apennines, whilst not forgetting either the Pyrenean or the River Po, discoursed on principalities and powers, the French and Spanish war, and now and then admired the shadows on Ben Dearg and Ben Dhu, the waving bracken and the heather, until the midges routed and drove them home.

CHAPTER TWELVE

INSTALLED as Laird of Gartmore, with his children growing up around him, the life of a landed proprietor congenial to his tastes, his old friend and tutor settled during each summer in a cottage on the estate, his interest in politics always increasing and his connection with the University of Glasgow soon to bear fruit, all seemed to augur peace and prosperity for Doughty Deeds.

The sky was too serene, and the blow fell on him that was the hardest he could be called upon to bear.

His gentle Creole wife, whose health had always been a great anxiety to him, as “Annie is feeling the severe weather”, “Annie has been confined to bed”, etc., in his letters to her brother Simon Taylor amply show, faded and died, deprived of warmth and sunshine in the harsh climate of the north. For ten long years she had endured what must have been a martyrdom, facing our blasts, our snows, our fogs, east winds, and the hard-featured, kindly people amongst whom a strange fate had cast her lot. Sir Joshua has preserved her frail and rather melancholy personality, and with that perhaps instinctive insight into the soul, by the only index open to him, the features of the sitter, that great painters frequently possess, has given her a look as of a person not destined for long life.

As children, when we looked at it, it made us melancholy, in spite of its strange beauty and attractiveness, and after a long walk under the beech trees or in the woods of Gartmore, her husband must have stood gazing at it many a time, with the tears rising

to his eyes, and his thoughts wandering to Roaring River, where he had courted her in youth.

The eerie house must have seemed to him more ghostly than usual in those days, as he lay sleepless in the great four-poster bed, listening to the unearthly sounding step along the corridor that always used to stop at the best bedroom door with a resounding knock.

I see him wandering after dark along the path to where under the moonlight, in the burial-ground, the fresh turned-up earth struck to his soul like a knife in a green wound. He must have felt above all things how cold she was, and cursed his impotency to help her, in the long nights of rain.

Then, indeed, the soft island in all its beauty must have been very imminent, and perhaps he said, "Why did I leave it, and bring her to be buried here?"

Why do we leave those islands?

Long years ago I knew an aged shellback who in his youth had lived in the South Seas. Often, as he sat upon a bullock's skull sipping his Caña¹ over a fire of thistle stalks and bones, blowing the smoke of a black cigarette out of his hairy nostrils, he would say, "I never oughter left them Islands". I wondered then, and often laughed a little at him. Now, I still wonder, but in a different way, for it may be that he was a philosopher and had the right end of the stick.

In 1781 the widower wrote to Simon Taylor and to his old friend Angus Macbean of Kingston, excusing his long silence, for as he says, "I know you feel what I have suffered". Again, *par respect humain*, I do not transcribe his letter, holding that of all the people

¹ White Brazilian rum.



MRS. GRAHAM OF GARTMORE, WIFE OF DOUGHTY DEEDS.

By PYNE.

In the possession of Archibald D. Speirs, Esq., of Laurel Hill, Stirling.

who were rightly cursed in the Old Testament, the sons of Noah best merited a curse.

He says my ancestress was charitable and would be missed by the “poor wretches” she had helped. The best of epitaphs, for when great deeds and high endeavours all are forgotten, charity, like a cloak, wraps up both the giver and “the poor wretch” who stretches out the hand, in its all-sheltering folds.

With Professor Richardson domiciled at Bridgend, and with his eldest son at the University, the Laird of Gartmore naturally was in close touch with Glasgow. At that time, in 1784, the great Edmund Burke was Lord Rector of the University. In those days the Lord Rectorship seems to have been even more of a purely honorary office than at the present time.

There were no meetings, speeches, hecklings, or any of the devices that we have now perfected to humiliate a candidate and put him in the pillory. The students, then as now, invariably chose a politician to be their Rector,¹ instead of a man of science, a poet, painter or any one connected with the life of Universities.

Why they should have done and do so remains a mystery.²

In 1784 the celebrated Edmund Burke was the holder of the office. He seems in some way, perhaps on account of his policy pursued in Parliament, to have become unpopular.

In 1785 Whiggery, or, as one should now say,

¹ Give unto us Barabbas.

² Low-water mark was reached a few years ago in St. Andrews, at which ancient University a Mr. Carnegie, an American ironmaster and a person of no culture, was appointed Lord Rector, although Andrew Lang was a resident in the city at the time. This Mr. Carnegie appears to have had nothing to recommend him but his money bags. The slur has been, to some extent, removed lately by the election of a well-known man of letters.

Liberalism, seems to have replaced Toryism in the minds of the studious young men.

What steps they took, how they approached my ancestor, whether they rode across the Drymen Muir (a dreich ride in winter) and entered the long straggling village of Gartmore by the Skioch Brae, crossing the Kelty at the foot of the "town" by the old high-pitched bridge, that is to us unknown. What we do know¹ is that on November 15 Robertus Graham, Armiger de Gartmore, was installed Rector at a meeting called for the purpose, and undertook "faithfully to fulfil the duties of the office". Then, as Rector, he signed the Minute Book.

What sort of speech he made, and if he larded it with texts from Horace and from Virgil, we are left to conjecture; but the meeting evidently was a very quiet affair, and probably more dignified than some at which the future Rector has been treated, more like a welsher on a racecourse than a grave dignitary.

Robertus Graham, Armiger de Gartmore, must have given satisfaction, for in the year 1787 he once again signs the Minute Book as Rector, and "faithfully undertakes".

On both occasions he nominated Doctor Alexander Stevenson, Professor of Medicine, to be Vice-Rector, and twice appointed John MacLachan to be Apparitor. This officer had to stand behind the Rector's chair at public banquets, and may have been a sort of toast-master, or may have acted as a Lictor upon State occasions, bearing a mace or wand. One of his duties was to enrobe and disenrobe his chief before and after public ceremonials.

During his term of office, from 1785 to 1787, my

¹ See Minute Books of Senate, Glasgow University.

ancestor seems to have taken a keen interest in University affairs. Before he left the Rectorial Chair¹ he founded the "Gartmore Gold Medal" to encourage the study and knowledge of "Political Liberty".

The principle was little known in those days, and to-day in several countries is becoming obsolete, so that it is not likely many more medals will be founded or essays written on it. One of the conditions of the foundation was that essays on the above subject should be written, in competition, every year.

The following passage, from an essay by one Mr. George Langton, shows that the principles of David Hume either had penetrated pretty deeply or had been forestalled:

. . . An attachment to any particular scheme of Doctrine very often transports men beyond the bounds of reason and prudence.

It does, indeed, as we see every day. Sometimes, indeed, too strong an attachment to one particular scheme of doctrine has made men burn their fellows at the stake—all for God's glory, whether at Geneva² or at Rome.

These brave words of Mr. Langton's were contained in an essay on the advantages of the Revolution to Great Britain. It was addressed to Robert Graham, Esq., of Gartmore. Dutch William, even although he may have preserved Belfast from brass halfpence

¹ He was succeeded by Adam Smith, so apparently the virus of politics had not entered so deeply into the minds of the students, for Adam Smith was, so to speak, only a manufacturer of poison gas, which he supplied to Pitt, Fox, Burke and others to use.

² The infamous Calvin should always have his due, and be remembered for his murder of his friend Servetus; in some respects, and if we take motives into consideration (Calvin's were chiefly jealousy), it is the vilest of all religious murders that history records.

and wooden shoes, does not to-day, in these soft times of toleration, seem a theme to raise enthusiasm. Then it was different, and on the one side the terror of the Jesuits and the awful spectre of the Pope of Rome, going about like a pack of ravening wolves, seeking to devour good Protestants, and on the other, the equal horrors of the Geneva Discipline, were very real to our ancestors. When all is said and done, the Spanish Inquisition left private life alone.

Only say that you believed what you felt in your heart was false, and all was well with you. Under the Geneva Discipline, no single item of your private life was free from its impertinence.

The waters of toleration, the only solvent that mankind has yet been able to invent, has almost washed away the great twin scourges. Indifference will do the rest ; under its influence, even snobbism, the curse of all the Anglo-Saxon race, may one day disappear.

Politics and the duties of the Lord Rectorship, duties he seems to have undertaken in a serious spirit, frequently visiting the University, and the cares of his estates, did not so entirely take up all his time as to prevent him from engaging once more in that commercial life that he had stoutly sworn should never again occupy his mind. This was in a measure forced upon him by his possession of the estate of Roaring River, in Jamaica. The produce of it, sugar, rum and molasses, had to come to Greenock to be disposed of, and ships had to be laden with provisions required on the estate. On December 5, 1785, he writes a letter to Mr. Angus Macbean of Kingston, with a long balance-sheet of the affairs of Roaring River drawn up in his own hand.

Few country gentlemen of our own days could draw

up such a balance-sheet, even of their own estates, still less if complicated sales of sugar and of rum, with the reduction of sterling into currency, commissions, invoices and bills of lading had to be taken into account.

The management of landed property in his time presented all the difficulties that they do nowadays, and so it is not wonderful to find my ancestor engaged in an interminable dispute about the marches (boundaries) of their respective properties with a neighbouring proprietor, one William Leckie of the Broich.

No matter seems to have been too small for his attention, for on December 10, 1785, he writes to the Reverend Mr. John Campbell, Minister of Kippen, about his stipend, which in those days was often not commuted for a money payment, but paid in barley and in meal:

... You charge me with 3 pecks $\frac{1}{4}$ Lippy Bear (barley) from Shirgartan, and by the Locality¹ I observe you are entitled to 2 Bolls of Meal and no Bear for these Lands. The Meal I apprehend was paid with the other Meal due from my Grounds in Kippen.

Ministers' stipends even nowadays are difficult to adjust to the satisfaction both of the minister and of the heritors. What must have been the difficulty when they were partly paid in kind, and wholly calculated on the old Scottish coinage, long obsolete and out of circulation, only those who had to make the calculations could really understand.

The intricacies of the old Scottish coinage did not

¹ The Locality was the schedule drawn up by the Presbytery and the heritors of the parish, apportioning the items of the minister's stipend on the various lands.

prevent the Laird of Gartmore from keeping a keen eye upon the fluctuations of currency money in Jamaica, or the purchase of "twenty new negroes" for his estate of Roaring River, to replace others who appear to have been worn out.

In spite of the healthy open-air life he must have passed at Gartmore, probably often in the saddle visiting his great estate that stretched right down to Kippen in the Carse of Stirling, he was a martyr to the gout. Writing in May 1786 to Angus Macbean of Kingston, he complains "that the gout in my hands prevents me making use of my pen". That, though, was after a visit to London, where, it is possible, with Fox and Sheridan, Dundas and others of the Whig complexion, he had not strictly kept to goat's milk as a beverage.

His ward, Miss Fanny Davies, who was now domiciled in Scotland, learning to be "a Miss of quality", had been giving him anxiety.

To the faithful Angus Macbean he pours out his worries about her in a letter dated Gartmore, May 27, 1786:

. . . the Girl has played the fool in giving a promise of marriage to a country fellow of a Clergyman, whose only view I have reason to think was her fortune. She, however, has promised me not to marry till her money is resettled in a way agreeable to me, and I wish to put it out of her husband's power to dissipate her money and leave her, and perhaps her children, Beggars.

Evidently Doughty Deeds did not intend his ward to have "benefit of clergy" without the protection of the secular arm. In the next letter to Macbean, in a postscript, he adds:

Since writing the above it will give you pleasure to hear that I have reason to think our young ward will not [imperil?] her property, she is now with me and I hope matters are not so bad as was represented to me, so that the intended marriage will not take place.

The Laird would seem to hint at what our Scottish law terms ante-nuptial fornication, a sin or misdemeanour that not infrequently has taken place occasionally, even amongst placed ministers in our salacious land.

However, Doughty Deeds, with all his considerable experience of the female sex, was destined, as happens usually in such affairs when a woman sets her brains against a man's, to be outrageously deceived. He writes to Angus Macbean (August 29, 1786):

I formerly acquainted you that I had reason to hope Miss Davies had given up thoughts of forming any matrimonial connexion till such time as her money was remitted to this country and put into proper hands for her benefit ; but a man that forms opinions of a young woman's actions is frequently mistaken, and I have found myself egregiously so, in regard to her, for notwithstanding of her solemn engagement not to marry till the money matters were settled, I learned the other day from herself, that everything is now concluded and that by this time she is married to one Sibbald, a Clergyman who has one of the worst livings in Scotland.

Matrimony is as easy to contract in Scotland as the influenza, but its effects are still more difficult to shake off, often enduring all the patient's life.

On September 3, 1786, he writes to Lady Taylor, at Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London, condoling with her on the death of her husband, Sir John.

A real affection seems to have subsisted between the families of Taylor and of Graham. The Laird of Gartmore could not have written a more affectionate and sincere letter of condolence to his own sister than that he wrote to Lady Taylor.

He seems to have had not only a sympathetic nature, but a natural gift for letters of the kind. Even to those who have a ready pen, they do not always come too easily. With him the sentences all copied into his letter book in his own neat hand, succeed each other, each more apposite than was the last:

I will not by condolings with you awake the feelings of your heart by lamenting the loss we have both sustained, but be assured the love and esteem I entertained for him that is no more shall never be erased from my breast.

The opening is in the grand manner, but nevertheless rings true. He goes on to assure his sister-in-law that he will do all he can to further her interests, and to assist her in the management of her affairs.¹

In the ensuing years he seems to have been frequently in London, called there by politics, and in especial by the question of the reform of the internal government of the Royal Burghs of Scotland, a subject that had always interested him.

For several years past he had acted as the chairman of the committee that met in Edinburgh to push on their reform. Unfortunately there is no mention in

¹ Her picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now at Petworth, Sussex, shows her as a woman of about eight-and-twenty, not exactly handsome, but bright and intelligent-looking. She wears a low-cut body over a hooped petticoat, and has several ostrich feathers in her hair, which is elaborately dressed, over a cushion, very high upon her head. There is a fine engraving of the picture at Ardoch.

any of his letters how he made the journey to the metropolis, whether in a post-chaise or by a ship from Leith.

The journey in those days was a most formidable undertaking, as we know from Smollett's novels and letters of the times. Still, Doughty Deeds seems to have thought but little of it, although his health for several years past had been indifferent. With the natural pride of a landed proprietor who lives on his estate, he writes to Mr. Robert Stewart, Writer, in Edinburgh, telling him that the Chief Baron had asked him for a drawing of one of his gates, and says: "I made Ramsay make out one for him. I enclose it to you and beg you will present it to the Chief Baron with my best compliments".

The affairs of Lady Taylor engrossed the attention of the Laird for a considerable time. From a letter to Simon Taylor from Gartmore, January 23, 1787, it appears that Lady Taylor had no relations in England, or at least none near enough to help her in her business affairs:

MY DEAR SIMON,

I did myself the pleasure of writing to you at some length before I left London. I meant to have remained there at least a month longer about my own affairs (for everything which at that time could be done in Lady Taylor's affairs, was in a good measure concluded) but accounts I received from Scotland of the situation of Lady Margaret's¹ health, and her anxiety to see me and my children before her death, which was then daily looked for, hurried me to Scotland sooner than I intended. Since then I have been favoured with your very distinct and explicit Letter of the 21st September last and observe with the utmost concern the new

¹ His mother.

Miseries ¹ with which your devoted Island has been visited.

. . . I wrote you particularly what we had done in your brother's affairs (Sir John Taylor) in which I think I adhered in a good measure to your own ideas, excepting as to the Service of Gilt plate and as to this, Lady Taylor told me that when in Jamaica she had mentioned particularly to you her wish to retain it, and that you had acquiesced. The value indeed is not very considerable and would not exceed £300. The elegance of it consisted in the Guilding, and as a new purchaser would (not) use it with Sir John Taylor's arms, the Gilt would have suffered in effacing them and could not be restored in that particular place.

. . . As to the Irish peerage I confessed myself guilty, but believe me it was not till after years of refusal that I consented to Solicit it—I own to you it was folly in the extreme, but when there is only one failing in a character, and when that failing is counterbalanced by almost every virtue, some excuse must be allowed in giving way to it.

The matter would have been obtained for him and the Expense would not have been great. . . .

Though the matter is handled with great delicacy, and with an evident wish to spare the feelings of the brother of the dead, it is evident that Doughty Deeds ² was free from that first infirmity of feeble minds, a wish to have a handle to his name.

The matter of the Irish peerage stored away in the

¹ There is no indication of what the "Miseries" were, whether hurricanes, droughts, pestilence, the incursions of the king's enemies, or any of those unforeseen calamities always referred to in bills of lading as the acts of God. Waterspouts, cyclones, fogs, etc., fall into the latter category, but rats are specially mentioned in the manifest.

² An Irish peerage, bought and paid for over the (political) counter, would not have said much to a man who considered himself the representative of the great Earls of Menteith, and who was certainly their near descendant.

limbo of the still-born peerages, a limbo that, should the compilers of that great effort of imagination, "The Peerage",¹ ever unveil it, would prove good reading.

He goes on to say:

The Galloways which were written for will be attended with no expense, for tho' I had written to Sommervil to fit up a place in the Ship for them, yet the accounts of your brother's death were in time to prevent it.

. . . Mr. Christie,² the auctioneer, (informs me) of the most advantageous time for disposing of the pictures.

He also got rid of the lease of the house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and goes on:

Altho' she (Lady Taylor) is by no means of an expensive or profuse disposition, yet upon making an Estimate of what she considered the unavoidable expenditure of herself, family and children would annually amount to, she hinted to me that she was apprehensive that £1200³ a year would be hardly equal to everything. . . .

¹ Oscar Wilde said it was the greatest flight of imagination that the Anglo-Saxon mind ever achieved. He may have been right. For invention it transcends the Arabian Nights. Therefore I take it as a mark rather of invention than of imagination, for imagination would be stifled in such floods of beer.

² Apostolic succession.

³ Doughty Deeds considered her establishment too large, principally on account of "the three additional people she had brought from Jamaica". These probably were negroes. A foolish but a natural thing to do, for one brought up amongst merry black faces. It must have been as cruel an experiment as to bring a Tropial or a Toucan and let them loose in English woods. It was certainly a hard thing to resist doing. I well remember hearing how my grandmother, having bought a negress girl called Pug, was always adjured by her to buy "Brother Robert ; niggers is cheap, Missy". She bought and freed many negroes, and her few sins (one hopes) are blotted out thereby. To her dying day she never told, without the tears

I own to you that I rather think it probable she may again marry, the little dependence which for various reasons she can place in her nearest connexions in England; and the unprotected situation of a woman without friends, together with her time of life are reasons which give strength to my opinion; but I may say with some confidence¹ that her pride and mode of life will render her choice no disgrace to herself and family. . . . Nothing can be juster than the observations you make relative to the Education of the Girls, madness and folly at present appear to have taken possession of the female world, and no fortune is equal to the Extravagance and dissipation which prevail among what are called the women of fashion, the consequences are manifest, for you hardly ever find a man of sense and fortune who wishes to form a connexion with these high bred Ladys. They are generally allowed to rove about the public and watering places till they are past their Meridian and then match themselves with some poor Officer who hopes for Interest from Court friends, or snapt up by some hungry Irishman who leaves them as soon as he can conveniently strip them of what fortune they have.

At the end of his immensely long letter, he says:

There is not a man within 40 miles of this who does not think that his Son, Nephew or Cousin's fortune is made if he carries a letter to you from me.

My ancestor presents a pretty picture of what he calls the madness and the folly that in his time possessed the female world. He seems to have thought, as also many thought, before and after him,

rising to her eyes, how it wrung her heart to see the negroes she had befriended kneel weeping, as a tack brought the vessel she was going home in close to the Port Royal wharf.

¹ Doughty Deeds was not going to commit himself entirely this time, after his experience with Miss Davies.

that there was something new in the phenomena that he observed. Nothing more false, and if he had but turned to the classic writers that he so much admired, or read Boccaccio, Montaigne, Margaret of Navarre, Chaucer or Shakespeare, he might have seen that although fashions may vary, sceptres and crowns may tumble down, and the whole face of countries be completely altered, in essentials women never alter, have altered or will alter, whilst the world turns round.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

DURING the beginning of the year 1787 the Laird's time was taken up chiefly with visits to London about the affairs of Lady Taylor, who, he says in a letter to her brother-in-law in Jamaica, seems to be possessed "of as much prudence and self-denial as generally falls to the share of the sex, yet I should deem it proper that she were as little exposed as her situation will admit of to those pleasures or amusements which so much captivate even the most guarded of the fair sex".

The passage reads either ironically or cynically, it is impossible to determine which, by those who have not had the pleasure of knowing Lady Taylor personally. Evidently the lady gave her brother-in-law some anxiety, for in the same letter he complains that he has been trying to get "her people back to Jamaica"; but whilst he was in London, he could find no ships about to start.

Once again his strong love of a country life comes out. In the same letter he writes of Lady Taylor's giving up her town house in Hill Street: "I am confident that in point of health no reasonable man would put a town life in competition with one in the country". Evidently, like the Black Douglas, he would rather have heard the lark sing, than the squeaking of the mouse.

By September 1787 he had the satisfaction of seeing his charge and all her children safely established at a place called Boulney Court, and the London house, together with a great stock of wine left by her husband, disposed of and off his hands.

The gout still bothered him, and he thanks Mr. John Graham, Merchant, in Jamaica, for the gift of some "Lignum Vitæ gum infusion, per the ship Bell". He says he had taken it regularly, and "have had none of the severe tedium (?) fits which used to confine me to bed for six weeks at a time".

Whether it was the Lignum Vitæ gum (in fusion), or whether the improvement in his health was due to abstinence from port wine drinking, is difficult to say. Somehow, the remedy does not sound as if it would be found in the pharmacopœia of our times. The tree itself, with its dark purple flowers, grows freely in most parts of Jamaica, especially near Constant Springs, and all through Liguanea.

Although there is no mention¹ of it in any of his letters, not even to his intimate old friend Angus Macbean of Kingston, Doughty Deeds must have remarried either in 1786 or 1787. He was at that time about fifty years of age; but had not the robust constitution of his father, who had lived almost his entire life on the Highland Line. The tropics and port wine had impaired his health, and he was fighting a grim fight with gout. The lady, the daughter of a neighbouring laird, seems to have been about five-and-twenty years of age. Doughty Deeds, who had been happy in his first marriage with his charming West Indian wife, appears never to have read the aphorism of the author of *Don Quixote*, that "second parts are never good". 'Tis true Cervantes disproved his dictum by his own second

¹ I have been unable to identify the date of the marriage, for papers relating to her and her family must have been carefully destroyed by Doughty Deeds, out of a wish not to give pain to them. He did not, however, have strength of mind (and I feel for and with him) to destroy her portrait in pastel. It is now at Ardoch.

part to his immortal book; but Hymen was not destined to be so favourable to Doughty Deeds. Fate, in the shape of one Captain Cunningham, came along and bewitched the fickle dame, and Doughty Deeds' own daughters seem to have caught her almost *in flagranti*, or, at least, just at the bedroom door.

Whether there was an actual divorce, or whether the ill-assorted couple merely agreed to separate, seems a doubtful question, for only three letters on the matter are in the letter books. My ancestor writes to a lady whom he addresses as "Dear Madam", who may have been Mrs. Buchanan Hamilton, the mother of the lady; once to his uncle, Lord Glencairn, and once to a lawyer, Mr. Robert Stuart of Stirling, and asks him in a postscript to show "this letter to my sister Mrs. Ramsay and to Lady Dalzell, if in town".

In all these letters he faces the situation, that must indeed have been most bitter for a proud man with grown-up daughters, most manfully. No single word of either reproach or censure does he bestow upon his erring wife. All his endeavour seems to have been to make excuses for her. He does indeed refer to her once as "an unworthy woman", for he was human after all, and certainly was wounded to the quick.

In the letter to the unnamed lady, dated Gartmore, March 4, 1789:

I have by this day's post acquainted Mr. Stuart (Writer in Stirling) in general that Mrs. Graham and I have parted for ever, and desired him to settle with Mr. Hamilton¹ what aliment she is to have. . . .

I have only to add on this subject that as thro' life I have endeavoured to Support a manly and decided

¹ Mr. Hamilton was, I think, Captain Buchanan Hamilton, the brother of the lady.

conduct, so on this occasion I wish to preserve it, and as Mrs. Graham from her youth and appearance may indulge the hope of again marrying, I mean not to abstract anything that may promote her future happiness, mean or malevolent views are unworthy of me, and I request you to let her know that, without bringing an action for divorce against me, she cannot marry. I have no objection to her doing this, provided the reasons she assigns are not injurious to my honour and character.

He sends back her clothes and jewellery and says :
they all belong to her, and she ought to have them.

GARTMORE, 1787.

It is indeed a manly letter, and he who wrote it had no need to doubt that in the writing of it he pursued that "manly and decided conduct" that he had endeavoured to preserve through life.

His letter to the lawyer, Mr. Stuart, is on the business aspect of the affair.

That to his uncle Lord Glencairn merely informs him that Mrs. Graham and he had parted, and that, in honour, it was the only thing that he could do.

He finishes :

In the meantime, I am with the warmest affection and highest esteem,

My dear Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant,
R. G.

That he had suffered keenly is manifest. He may have written to others of his friends about his sorrows, although I do not think he was of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves. There is no further mention of the matter in his letter books.

So far from singing willow, willow, and shutting himself up at Gartmore to give full rein to his grief, during the year in which his rupture with his wife was coming to a head, he was most actively employed in politics. For a long time the state of the internal government of the Royal Burghs of Scotland had been a stock abuse.

The election of their magistrates, that in old times had been as free as air, had by a series of abuses extending over several centuries, become almost the exclusive privilege of men who, having once been elected, continued to pass their power on to their own party and adherents, and keep opponents out.

To combat these malpractices, that had become a crying scandal, a strong Committee had been formed. It sat in Edinburgh, and Robert Graham of Gartmore was the chairman.

At a meeting of the London branch of the Committee, sitting in London on May 30, 1788, with Sir Thomas Dundas, Bart., M.P., in the chair, it was resolved :

That since Mr. Pitt has not answered Mr. Graham's letter in February 1787 as Chairman of the Committee of Delegates from Burgesses of the Royal Boroughs of Scotland, it is the opinion of the Committee that Mr. Graham should again address him in a public letter explaining the present situation and sentiments of the Burgesses.

THOMAS DUNDAS, Chairman.
THOMAS BELL, Secretary.

Mr. Graham as chairman, writing from Suffolk Street, London, May 6, 1788, drew up a public letter, from which, as it is very lengthy, I take some extracts.

It begins by referring in a bold strain to Pitt's neglect to answer him, and goes on:

It would be injurious to the respect in which I hold your character to consider your silence as a mark of disapprobation of the proposed application to Parliament.

I wish to account for it from the attention you must necessarily bestow on the variety of business incident to your situation. But although this may apologise for the little regard you have thought proper to pay to the solicitations of a numerous and respectable body of citizens, oppressed with grievances unheard of in a free country, I should certainly be wanting in the proper discharge of the duty I owe to the Burgesses of Scotland if I could hesitate in again addressing you on a subject in which their interest and wishes are so nearly concerned. . . . As I persuade myself that the papers which I formerly transmitted to you are still in your possession, I shall not detain you by recapitulating their contents. But I must beg leave to observe that had they met with the respect which I am bold to say they merited, I should have had no occasion to trouble you with the present public address.

That is the proper way to speak to a salaried servant of the public, whether his name be Pitt or Smith. Doughty Deeds had evidently no respect for the airs of importance which elected persons assume, forgetting they are servants and not masters.

He goes on to explain that from the reign of David I. of Scotland, under the *Leges Burgorum* enacted in 1124 and from the Statutes of the Guild in 1284, the Magistrates and Common Councils of the Burghs were elected annually by the suffrage of the Burgesses called the Honest Men of the Burgh.

Little by little this right seems to have been infringed—firstly, by an Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1477, enacting that four members of the old Council should be chosen yearly into the new Councils.

The four soon became six, then eight, and finally the principle of complete self-election became customary.

The Committee of which my ancestor was chairman wanted the old system of free election re-established.

He says under self-election that public business was neglected, public property was squandered, and enormous and unnecessary debts were contracted.

He finishes his long and interesting address :

To declensions from liberty to servitude it would appear the magistracy have no objection. What they dread and detest is a change from the torpid state of slavery to the active happy and contented condition of freedom.

He therefore hopes Pitt will not oppose the project and has

The Honour to be,
With much respect and deference,
Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
ROBERT GRAHAM.

The whole complexion of the letter breathes an air of freedom and equality, a sort of dealing as from man to man that is strangely wanting in all such matters nowadays, in spite of all the progress it is said the world has made. The franchise was restricted, the influence of certain families was preponderating, offices were bought and sold, or at least had been under Walpole, only a few years before the address to Pitt was penned.

Still as between man and man the tone was freer and more like that of a duke and a peasant chatting in Castile, than of an Englishman addressing a highly salaried official, chosen by universal suffrage in the

first instance, and then co-opted into the Vehmgericht that is styled a Cabinet.

Much of the time that perhaps with as much profit to himself might have been directed to literature was taken up with politics, a pursuit or occupation, call it which you will, that seems so serious at the time and leaves so little of any interest when its brief hour is past.

He writes to a friend in London to excuse himself for having left a letter long unanswered "from my being engaged at different elections".

Certainly public life in those days was not a kindergarten; and Doughty Deeds, although in a few years he ventured into its muddy waves, was prodigal of good advice to others, after the fashion of the world.

Writing to Lord Breadalbane, who it would seem had thoughts of plunging into politics, he says :

MY LORD,

On my return home two days ago I had the honor of receiving your Lordship's letter of the 28th of last month. It is with much pleasure I observe your Lordship means to take a decided part in the politics of this country and persuade myself that the liberal and disinterested line you pursue will secure to you the friendship and attachment of many of the Independent Gentlemen; at the same time it will occur to your Lordship that it is no easy matter to disoblige those who have had so long time to fortify themselves, who know so perfectly the ground they occupy, who are secured on one side by Ministerial strength and on the other by a mountain of ideal voters, who possess every power vested in the real freeholder.

The Enemy expect you, they are entrenched to the Teeth, and yet your Lordship will venture to attack them, the Enterprise is bold and merits success. You will pardon me, my Lord, when I suggest these things.

Your prudence and foresight have already I dare say attended to them, and when you know the strength of your opponents I persuade myself you have also reckoned your own powers and what you are bringing against them. Be assured, my Lord, I wish you every success, but you will excuse me when I express my anxiety lest the openness and candour of youth may have led you to regard mankind as possessed of these virtues which you esteem and respect. Reflect a little, think of the venality, duplicity and interestedness of those with whom you must be connected; will [it] disgust, perhaps intimidate you, that in an enterprise of this kind, the greater part of those whom you consider as friends will have other objects in contemplation besides the public good, and will look up to your Lordship only with a view of accomplishing their own ends. Are you able to bear this with political coolness? Have you fortitude to see unmoved your friends desert you, your connexions receive you with coolness and your most intimate acquaintances hesitate in giving you a promise? If you can bear all this and still persevere, your Lordship is equal to the task, hard as it is. I am much flattered, my Lord, by the sentiments you are pleased to entertain of me, and should think myself highly honoured in having a share of your friendship and regard, but neither my years, my health or any inclinations allow of my quitting a retirement which I now prefer to the Bustle of the World and the Attainments of public life. . . .

I have the honour to be,
My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble
servant,

R. G.

To the Right Honble.

The EARL OF BREADALBANE,
TAYMOUTH.

Politics is but a sorry business at the best. The

cesspool of the State has to be attended to, as has every cesspool, or else a stench arises; the strange thing is that volunteers seem never wanting for the malodorous job. What Lord Breadalbane thought when he received the letter we do not know; but certainly it was what old-fashioned sailors used to call a stopper over all. The character of the writer forbids the supposition that it was with an ulterior motive, designed to spur the reader on to take up politics.

All his perspicacity and his wise saws did not prevent the Laird of Gartmore from leaving his retirement in a few years and plunging headlong into the "Bustle of the World". Advice, of course, is a prescription made for other people, and as they never follow it, why should the giver follow it himself? How clearly Doughty Deeds was aware of it has ample confirmation in a letter to Simon Taylor in the same year he wrote to Lord Breadalbane.

In it he says he has been suffering from his old complaint, and moralizes:

To a man, my dear Simon, of the habit of body and constitution which I possess, every fit of the gout ought to produce the same effect that the sight of a funeral does to a man of thought and contemplation.

That is a wise saying; but men from the beginning of the world have always talked fifty per cent more wisely than their acts.

Though politics, like an octopus, was gradually stretching out its tentacles to envelop him, the Laird of Gartmore still must have thought regretfully of his young days in the West Indies, for he writes to a correspondent in Jamaica to keep him well informed of what was going on there, nationally and inter-

nationally. He adds: "You cannot tell with how great interest a man watches the affairs of a country that he once knew so well".

He did not, either, quite neglect the Muses, as it appears from a letter written to him by the well-known Scottish minor poet, Hector McNeil, the author of “The Harp”.¹

. . . On my arrival I found amongst other company the D. of Buccleugh with whom I had a brush a la Kintyre. We stuck to the bottle from dinner till half-past 12, without budging a peg. At one we sate down to supper and at three retired.

His Grace was in excellent spirits, took his claret and his snuff with much liberality and made me with equal liberality give my song.

... He detests poetry, poor hapless slut, whom you call a whore, and have, it seems, lately banished from your embraces.

I am,
With sincerity,
My dear Sir, Your affec. friend and obliged
humble servant, Hr. McNEIL.

SPRING ROLL, 8th November.

The “ brush with the D. of Buccleugh ” seems to have been a formidable affair, judging by the degenerate standards of nowadays. There are few dukes now living in this puling century who could stick at the bottle for so many hours, even if helped by liberal doses of Scotch snuff.

Well, well, it matters little after all; man does not live by snuff alone!

Hector McNeil was for a long time a close friend

¹ One of his poems, "My Boy Tammy", is included in the anthology compiled by Mr. Walter de la Mare, under the title of "Come Hither" (London, 1923).

and intimate of Doughty Deeds. Many a long hour they must have sat together at Gartmore, where Hector was a constant visitor, over the bottle, alternately railing and praising that “poor slut” poetry, whom my ancestor, it would appear, had forsworn in such biblical terms, at least for a brief season, for to his dying day he never utterly forsook her charms.

How the friends fell out is quite unknown to me. It may have been that one of them had *le vin aigre*, and doubted of the inspiration of the other’s muse, after a long “sederunt” at the festive board. However, neither seems to have held out a conciliatory snuff mull to the other, and the laudatory stanzas that McNeil had addressed to his friend and patron did not appear in the edition of his works of the year 1801.

So the days slipped past at Gartmore, between the bottle, politics, and an occasional courting of the Muses, as the Laird might have said.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

IN September 1789 the Laird of Gartmore lost his mother, who died at the ripe age of eighty-five, having survived her redoubtable husband for nearly fourteen years.

All through her widowhood she had lived chiefly in Edinburgh, with visits now and then to her dower house of Dashers, in Kippen, that in those days must have been what we call in the north a “back-lying”¹ place.

Throughout her life Lady Margaret Graham had held a high position in the esteem and the respect of all her family. Her portrait, that depicts her in a black silk gown, cut square and open at the neck, her hair dressed high upon her head under a tall mob-cap, with one cheek resting on her hand to show her shapely arm to full advantage, hangs opposite her husband’s, the grim Laird Nicol, on one side of the mantelpiece in the dining-room at Ardoch.

Above the fireplace, between their pictures, is hung that of their son Robert (Doughty Deeds), limned by Sir Joshua.

Lady Margaret had been born in stirring days, when for the last time in our history we had known civil war. She had seen the country settle down and become peaceful, and as she took her dish of tea in Edinburgh must have had much to tell her visitors about Rob Roy. Though a Whig of a Covenanting

¹ “Out of the world and into Kippen” was an old-fashioned saying. Probably nowadays every house in the village has a broadcasting set, and listens to the delightful strains of the Savoy Band discoursing syncopated music.

family, I am sure she always spoke of Charles Edward Stuart, as the Chevalier.

Her son felt her loss keenly, for from his earliest youth he had always turned to her for counsel and advice.

His position both in politics and in the literary world was now assured. In politics his letter to Lord Breadalbane shows he was listened to as a sort of mentor by young Scottish nobles who aspired to enter public life.

Though he produced but little in the field of poetry comparable to his "Doughty Deeds", and never ventured into prose except his open letter to Pitt already quoted, he seems to have been one of those men who, though they have not achieved great things, are looked on by their fellows as remarkable.

Exactly when he wrote his lyric is unknown. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*¹ under the head, "O, Tell Me how to Woo Thee", says:

The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I.

They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry, but since their publication in the first edition of this work the Editor has been assured that they were composed by the late Mr. Graham of Gartmore.

Sir Walter Scott at first was inclined to attribute the verses to Montrose. Others thought they were the work of Lovelace. Either attribution is a high compliment to the writer of the ballad. To deceive

¹ Vol. iii. p. 315.

Sir Walter Scott on such a matter as the date of a Scottish ballad was no easy matter.

Though this was flattering testimony, in 1790 there came an even greater homage to the character of the man, and from a far greater poet than Sir Walter Scott.

Burns, in a letter to Mr. Hill, the bookseller in Edinburgh, writes on February 2, 1790:

Does Mr. Graham of Gartmore ever enter your shop now? He is the noblest instance of great talents, great fortune and great worth that ever I saw in conjunction.¹

Now that Spain is but a *simulacrum* of its former greatness, it is curious to read a letter such as the following:

MR. ROBT. GOURLAY,
Calcutta.

GARTMORE, Sept. 1790.

. . . You will probably hear before this reaches you of the uncertain Situation we are in as to a Spanish war. Our Ministry have made every preparation which the apprehension of it made necessary; it is some time since a powerful fleet has been manning, a press is still going on and new levies are daily making, yet people who are acquainted with the Political Situation of the different powers are of opinion that the present dispute will be compromised, and that Mr. Pitt's chief object is to intimidate our Adversaries at a time when the dilatory proceedings of the National Assembly prevents the Spaniards from receiving any assistance from the family compact. In the meantime the voice of the Nation does not seem much inclined to hostilities. A War breaks in upon the regular and established plans of the Commercial part of it, and the Landed Interest already finds itself too much

¹ *Sic itur ad astra!*



ARDOCH COTTAGE, 1810.

loaded with heavy and burdensome taxes. Mr. Pitt is perfectly well acquainted with these circumstances, and will not hazard his popularity by entering into a War when it can be avoided.

No doubt my ancestor judged Mr. Pitt correctly, for most Prime Ministers put their duty to themselves before their duty to their God.

One of the most salient traits in Robert Graham's character was his loyalty to all his friends, especially if they were friends that he had made out in Jamaica in his youth. He writes to Mr. John Graham, Merchant in Kingston, Jamaica, about a common friend, one Mr. Innes, who it seems had been ill:

. . . I have some thoughts of going to Geneva next year with my eldest son, in which event I could wish Mr. Innes to accompany us, and if he finds the air of London does not agree with him, I have promised to fix him on his return in a small neat house¹ which I have on the side of the Clyde.

How carefully the Laird looked into all matters concerning education appears from a letter to "Mr. J. E. Boutflower, Academy, Little Tower Street, London", about his second boy,² whom, it seems, he had destined for a commercial life.

¹ This small neat house must have been the present Ardoch Cottage, for there is no other house on the estate on the banks of the Clyde. The drawing of it, facing page 155, is dated 1810, and it may be that it is of the small neat house, embellished and bungalowfied by Doughty Deeds' son.

² This boy was called Nicol, and so far from entering on commercial life, he went into the Austrian service and rose to be a Maréchal-de-Camp, a Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa, and a member of the Aulic Council. He married firstly a French lady; secondly, a Miss Sarah Blamire, and his descendants are settled in New Zealand, where they are worthily represented by Alexander Graham, Esq., of Christchurch, the cousin and friend of the writer.

. . . I don't think it would be improper he should go through another course of book-keeping, as it will improve his hand of write, and impress the Rules more deeply on his mind.

In vain is the book spread (open) before any boy. Nothing seems to have been farther from young Master Nicol's mind than book-keeping. As soon as he was able, after a violent quarrel with his elder brother William, he set out upon a life of travel and adventure, and died eventually at the estate of Jarbrook in Dumfriesshire, that he had inherited or perhaps purchased, for he seems, unlike the generality of adventurers, to have gathered a certain quantity of moss in rolling round the world.

Nicol's elder brother William had been sent to Neuchâtel, to perfect himself in French and German, for he was destined, not for a commercial career, but to succeed his father in his great estates. In those days the sons of Scottish gentlemen were almost universally sent either to France or Switzerland to complete their education. The custom had much to say for itself, for they still retained their Scottish nationality, and acquired a knowledge of another country outside their own. No doubt it made them seem a little foreign to the ordinary Englishman, for they were not all run out of the same mould, fashioned in Eton and hermetically sealed in Oxford, as is the case to-day. Perhaps it rendered them more interesting as men, and it prepared them for their contest with the world, better than it is possible for a young man to find himself prepared after a passage through the two English educational centres, that, though they have certain advantages for the pure-bred Saxon of the south, yet are destructive of all individuality.

On March 30, 1790, my ancestor writes to—

Monsieur, Monsr. W. D. DUNBAR,
Gentilhomme Anglois, à Neufchatel en Suisse.

. . . I have the pleasure of thinking the young Gentleman's expense will henceforth be more limited, for £100 in the space of two months holds out the prospect of an enormous Sum in the course of a year; however the charge for dress and other necessarys must in a certain degree be continued, I have to request that they may be regulated by a prudent economy.

I should have been happy in learning that the young Gentleman pays some attention to Study and the improvement of his mind, for if he only fashions himself in outward accomplishments I shall consider his residence abroad of very little utility to him.

He goes on to recommend assiduous attention to French and a study of Civil Law, which, he justly remarks, is a “useful acquisition in any situation of life”.

He arranges for the board and lodging of the “young Gentleman's” servant, and impresses on Mr. Dunbar to make him keep accounts. Lastly, he fixes his pocket money at £36 a year. How it came about that “Le Gentilhomme Anglois” allowed his pupil to run up such expenses, he does not say.

During 1792 and 1793 the letters to “Neufchatel” are frequent, and mostly all couched in the same strain; for the “young Gentleman” was a confirmed spendthrift, not having gone through the same experience of narrow circumstances and hard work that had fallen to his father's lot as a young man out in the colony.

His father, who had few illusions about his son, still wrote at great length to Neufchatel during the

years 1792 and 1793, giving instructions to Mr. Dunbar, who, it seems, took in young Englishmen as pupils, about his education. His other letters are to his old friend Angus Macbean and to his brother-in-law in Jamaica, almost entirely about business affairs.

Unfortunately he never seems to have copied into his letter-book any of his correspondence about politics, except two letters to Lord Breadalbane, one of which I have transcribed.¹

On December 19, 1793, he writes the last letter in the letter-book, addressed to "Monsieur, Monsr. Wm. D. Dunbar, Gentilhomme Anglois, à Neufschatel, en Suisse".

It is of great length, and complains of the idleness, extravagance and inattention to his studies, of his son. An unpleasing subject, and one that, to a proud and honourable man such as the writer, must have been most unpleasant for him to dwell upon.

He dwells especially on the necessity of fencing lessons, and advises that his son should fence alternately with the right and the left hand. Though swords were going out of fashion as an ordinary article of dress, duels were frequent and the advice was good.

One passage in the letter is most significant, showing that history repeats itself, and evils that some think peculiar to our own times, visit humanity after especial outbreaks of human folly, just as a headache in the morning follows a debauch.

... This Country, you know, is not remarkable for bearing Inhabitants² of opulent fortunes, and even those who before the commencement of this War found themselves in easy, nay, affluent circumstances, from the

¹ See Chapter Thirteen.

² He was probably thinking of Scotland, not England.

want of Public Credit, the scarcity of Current Cash and the consequent failure of many in the lower ranks of Life upon whom the Landholder depends, are now obliged to retrench their Expenses and construct their establishments, the prospect of additional heavy Taxes in consequence of the War, induce people of reflection to look forward and tread with Caution.

It is just such a letter as might have been written in this *soi-disant* year of grace; after the Peloponnesian wars, or indeed, after a raid of cave men on one another, only in that case it would have been in the form of an allegorical war picture.

There may have been more letter books, for a man in perfect health when all is going well with him does not at once drop customs that he has learned in youth; but if there were, I have not inherited them. Ledgers there are showing the rent rolls both of Ardoch and of Gartmore to the last pound Scots. The accounts of Roaring River Plantation in Jamaica, are kept carefully down to the last year of the Laird of Gartmore's life; but the most careful search has not revealed a letter in his hand, or copy of one in a book.

He had still four years of life, and reasonably might have expected more, as in the year 1793 he was but eight-and-fifty years of age.

In spite of all his good advice to Lord Breadalbane,¹ the Laird of Gartmore allowed himself to be drawn into what he styled "the bustle of the world".

Politics have always been the favourite sport of Scottish landed proprietors. They have often proved their ruin, but either a sense of public duty, personal ambition, or one thing or another, seems to have attracted them,² as honey hypnotises flies. In the

¹ Chapter Thirteen.

² Us?

main the sport is harmless, superinducing nothing more than boredom infinite, and, of course, diminution of the purse. The degradation of elections few comprehend before they are a victim. Then it is too late to draw back.

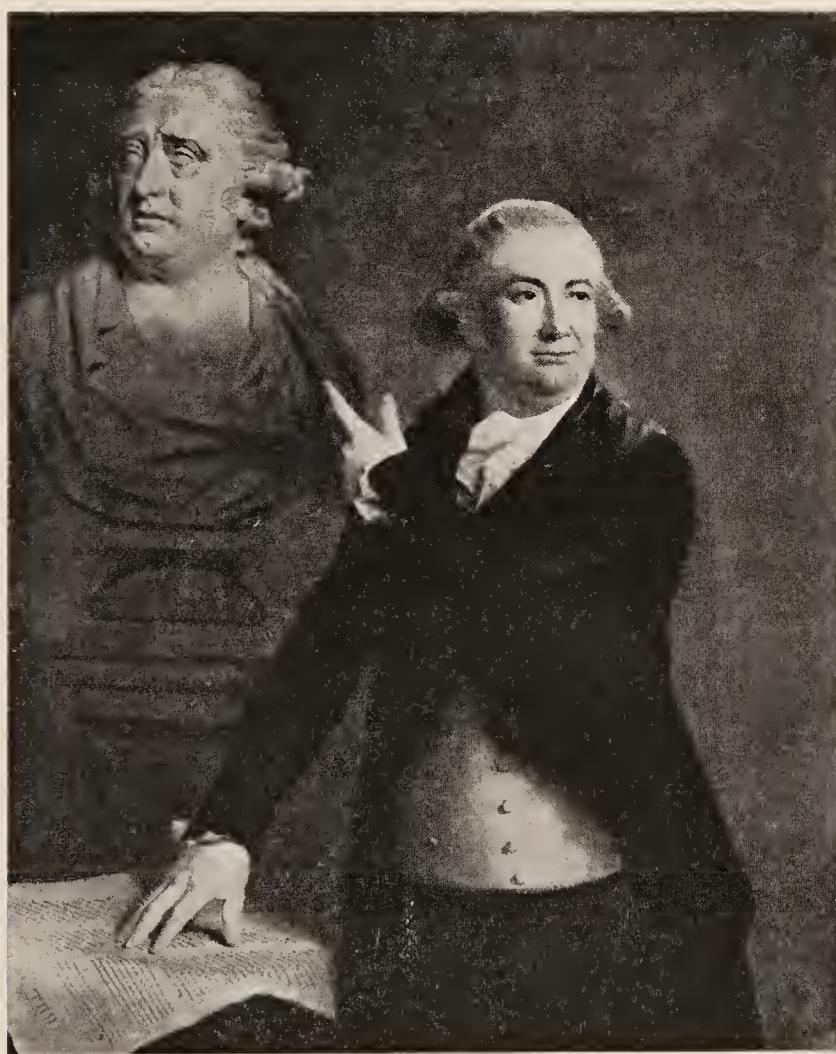
All these disadvantages Doughty Deeds must have been well aware of, as his letters, so full of wise saws and of good advice, are there to testify.

Yet, when Sir Thomas Dundas retired from representing Stirlingshire in Parliament, the Laird was ready to step in. These were the days of open hustings, when the dead cat or rotten egg, launched by a vigorous arm, was the best argument. Voting was open, and bribery an institution recognised by all. The candidates spoke from the same platform, in competition with each other, and without doubt a powerful pair of lungs was a great asset in their oratory, just as they are to-day when speaking in the open air.

Who his opponent was, and where the hustings were set up, though I suppose there must have been a central place of meeting in the town of Stirling, all is unknown to me. One solitary legend of the contest was told me many years ago by an old retainer of the family, whose ancestors, so said tradition, had accompanied my own to Bannockburn.

It appears that my ancestor's opponent on the hustings had taunted him with something or another. Possibly he had called him a base Foxite, or something of the kind. To the forgotten taunt, my ancestor replied, "I, at least, neither am a placeman nor a pensioner".

From this it follows that his opponent was a follower of Pitt, for Fox had neither places nor pensions to bestow.



ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., M.P.

Said to be by Raeburn; more probably by Martin,
who worked in Raeburn's studio.

On the 10th of March 1795, according to the *Caledonian Mercury*, "Robert Graham, Esqre., took his seat and oaths for Stirling". The *Edinburgh Courant*, a Tory paper, makes it March the 16th. Who shall decide when editors cannot agree upon a date?

With his friends Fox and Sheridan, Dundas and others of the Whig Party, he seems to have lost no time in plunging into politics. No details are preserved, either in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the House of Commons Library, or any of the authorities I have examined, about his Parliamentary career.

The one recorded fact is that towards the end of 1795, or the beginning of 1796, he introduced a Bill of Rights, which the *Dictionary of National Biography* states to some extent foreshadowed the great Reform Bill of 1832.

There is no record of his speech upon its introduction, nor of the debate, if any really took place. The bill seems to have been negatived without division, the usual fate of bills that are in advance of the dull level of their time.

It must, however, have been a source of considerable satisfaction to the introducer, for during his brief Parliamentary career, he had a portrait executed in Raeburn's studio. The most of it is by the hand of Martin, a "rat d'atelier" whom Raeburn is said to have employed. It may be that the master posed the sitter, and worked occasionally upon the portrait, for it is far from commonplace. It shows my ancestor, dressed in a long black coat, heavily frogged about the button-holes, a light grey waistcoat and black knee breeches with black silk stockings. A bunch of seals hangs

from his breeches pocket, and he stands at a table on which is spread a copy of the Bill of Rights. One hand is on the paper and with the other he points to a bust of Charles James Fox, his leader and his friend.

The portrait¹ shows him as a man of sixty years of age or thereabouts, fresh coloured and inclined to portliness. He wears a grey bob wig, and his fresh coloured face and light grey eyes, his firm, but rather fleshy lips, and the nervous fingers of the hand that rests upon the Bill, show him possessed both of determination and intelligence.

In June of 1796 he lost his seat for Stirlingshire, being replaced by Sir George Keith Elphinstone. Brief as his passage was through Westminster, extending barely to two years, he yet appears to have made some figure there, and if his Bill of Rights had received the approbation of the House, much of the turmoil and the discontent of the next thirty years would not have taken place. It was not fated, and the House, packed then as now with mediocrities, could see no farther than its nose. Had but that organ been as lengthy as its ears, much trouble had been saved. In the same year that he left Parliament (1796), upon the death of the fifteenth and last Earl of Glencairn, he inherited the state of Finlaystone and took the name of Cunningham, in addition to his own.

He had reached the summit, for his estates now stretched from Renfrewshire, across the Clyde to Ardoch, then by the way of Galingad, the cradle of the family, to Gartmore, and down to Kippen, but a few miles from Stirling. In Lanarkshire, he owned the lands of Lochwood in Old Monkland Parish, and

¹ It is now in the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh.

still retained his first possession, Roaring River, in the fair island where he had passed his youth. Although but sixty years of age, the sands were running through the glass, and his health, sapped by the tropics, and port wine that was the curse of all his generation, was on the decline.

To such a man, the acquisition of the historic mansion and estate of Finlaystone must have been a joy. Perched on a rock above the Clyde, the dining-room windows darkened by the great knot of yew trees under which John Knox had celebrated the Communion service in Reformation days, the curious old harled¹ house looked out on Ardoch, with the great rock on which Dumbarton Castle stands, just to the eastward of it.

The Clyde was not embanked and canalised as it is nowadays, but spread out into vast lagoons of shallow water, useless for navigation, except to vessels of light draught.

Whether or not the gigantic laurels thirty or forty feet in height, that I remember as a child, were planted, I do not know; but the old Turkey oak between the house and the old garden wall was probably but little smaller than when I remember it.

The burn that rushed and foamed under the well-built bridge across the avenue, with its sculptured Georgian balustrade, and formed the two cascades of Upper and of Lower Paradise, the Georgian stables with the Glencairn coronet, in high relief and gilded, over the coach-house door, the two long avenues of limes, and the rough, rushy park, through which the burn meandered on its course Clydewards, from its source in the hills by Kilmalcolm, all must have been

¹ Rough cast.

familiar objects to its new possessor, for he had often visited his uncle, Lord Glencairn, both in his manhood and in his youth.

He did not long enjoy his new possession, for his race was coming to an end. Whether at last his ancient enemy, the gout, against which he had fought so many battles, took him away from ballad making and from politics, there is no record.

He died at Gartmore on the 4th of December 1797.

In the walled, little burial ground, covered in February as with a pall of white by snowdrops, he lies with a long line of Grahams. His father, mother and his wife, with many another of the name, all sleep beside him, and his black servant Tom, so says tradition, is buried close to where he lies.

Bats flitter round the little graveyard in the summer evenings, and limping hares lope past, as noiselessly as if they feared to wake the sleepers inside the ivy-covered walls.

APPENDIX ONE

ALTHOUGH my ancestor wrote a good deal of verse, it was but verse, and never once did the Muse visit him (as he might have said) except when he wrote "Doughty Deeds".

Possibly the following verses are about the best of his "Vers de Société".

TO MISS MARTHA CUNNINGHAME

The summer's fragrant pride I chose,
The lily fair, the new-born rose,
The pink with crimson beauty crowned,
The cowslip low that loves the ground,
The jessamine that showers perfume,
The fragrant woodbine's honey'd bloom,
The humble violet—that's afraid,
Like modest worth, to quit the shade.
Together all their sweets I twine
With fragrance breathing eglantine.
My garland wove, I grateful vow,
To place it on Miranda's brow.
But honor to her votaries pined,
For her a sweeter wreath has twined,
And virtue's hand has placed between
Each rosy flower and evergreen.
She hailed with smiles, the blushing fair,
And flung it round her flowing hair.
Wear this, she cried, my favourite maid,
And boast a wreath that ne'er shall fade.
How sweet yon bud of vermeil hue,
At morning bathed in early dew.
But when warm suns expand the bloom,
The scented breeze is all perfume.
Nature exults, the garden glows,
And owns her Queen, the blushing rose.
And sweet is pity's tender sigh,
And bright the tear that gems her eye.

But if fond love her bosom warms,
With sweeter lustre glow her charms.
Resistless then without control,
She reigns supreme and rules the soul.

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE, 1790.



DOUGHTY DEEDS AND HIS SISTERS.

By HOGARTH.

Now in the possession of Lord Normanton.

APPENDIX TWO

MAY 1805, Sir George Beaumont.—We went with him to Mr. Graham's¹ at Chelsea, where we saw a picture of portraits of children, painted by Hogarth in 1742. The portraits were of Mr. Graham and his sisters.²

Mr. Graham said he was then between eight and nine years old.³

The Graham group was sold in 1814 and was owned successively by Mr. Leguise and Mr. George Watson Taylor, before it became the property of the Earl of Normanton.

¹ This was Mr. William Cunningham Graham of Gartmore, the son of Doughty Deeds.

² *Farrington Diary*, vol. iii. chapter xxii. page 77. London, 1920.

³ This is a mistake, for Mr. William Cunningham Graham was not born in 1742. Mr. Farrington could not have understood him properly. Doughty Deeds was eight or nine years old or thereabouts in 1742. His parents were married in 1732.

APPENDIX THREE

THE three following characteristic letters were addressed to my ancestor at Gartmore and Edinburgh by Sheridan, and must have been written before 1781, for in that year Mrs. Graham died. Curiously enough, either from the influence of "evil company" or "good liquor", they were very difficult to decipher. The slang of the day renders them no easier.

"The Village", of course, is London, for Sheridan writes from Portsmouth.

33 CHARLOTTE STREET,
FITZROY SQUARE.

DEAR GARTMORE,

I would have written to you before, but I was and have been in such a cursed uncomfortable, unsettled state that I have had neither heart nor time to do anything. Nothing have I been enabled to arrange finally as to either of the affairs that annoy me, and they hang over my head like a thunder-cloud. My Father will not stir a yard to assist me, and I am floundering on, God only knows how. Still, I hope to get into a house of my own shortly and then I shall be enabled to think of something, but at present cannot see, if you do not know, what I am going to do, as myself. I fear I shall not be able to get to Scotland this year, but be assured I will if I can, and should like to join your Party beyond anything.

Yesterday I was at the Fight, the best I ever witnessed, the papers give an accurate account enough. No man ever fought braver or better than Gully. Gregson is shy, he was bursting for very shame from his immense size, but he is all abroad and lost when once rally'd into. Damned provoking, I had no Blunt to bet with, but was right in every Battle, so won nothing.

News there is none, and politics are at a stand-still.

Caroline desires her best remembrances to Mrs. Graham and all at Gartmore—make one of your best speeches for me also, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

THOS. SHERIDAN.

11th May.

11 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.

DEAR GRAHAM,

Don't expect above two lines, for I am pestered and eat up with Business. I was glad to hear from you, for I could not think what had become of you. First, I am much pleased you like the gun, next, I wish I was of your party now. I have done nothing this year, it has been the worst for Cocking in my memory. All you have heard about the Scotch Laird is nonsense. Lorne has lost *nothing*, but he *concentred* his former annuities, and I suppose the Life Insurance, etc., etc., and other necessary forms took wind, and raised the report. He has done most wisely, but he must stay away a year from Inverary, not for any present loss, but former follies. Kinnaird (not?) at all in the Ring, but I think tho' they liked him a little, will be a winning player. He is on the . . . and at Quinze, and will stand anything, but still a Neder. Warrender was hit at Watkin for between eight or nine thousand, I hear, but I will bet about half is the truth.

B. Craven was appointed ultimate umpire on Fletcher and Johnston's business, but his award was not needed.

I have got no game tho' I wish you would send me some. Write me when you can and tell me when you quit Edinboro'. I am in such a cursed hurry now that I can only beg my best and kindest wishes to Mrs. Graham, in which my wife joins and says she will soon write to her, and admonishing you against evil company and good liquor,

I remain,

Yours truly,

T. SHERIDAN.

P.S.—I met a brother-in-law of yours (drunk as a piper) at a Race Ball at Egham. He was mortal, and swore eternal friendship.

PORTSMOUTH.

DEAR GARTMORE,

I ought to have answered your kind letter before, but my wife will bear testimony to my good intentions but in truth I have been, and still am so hurried and occupied that I have scarce time to say or do anything.

I am off to-morrow for Palermo and return in June (I intend), as stout as a lion—and then, home at (last). I have led such a wandering life since I saw you that I scarce know how it has past, and latterly, I have been leading the life of a Jew and wandering over all the odd corners of the earth. If

I see anything I think you will fancy in Sicily I will bring it you, and any piece of useful information I will carefully communicate. If you have a basket of game at Christmas, send it to my Father with your compliments and he will be very much obliged to you.

Remember me most kindly to your better half who I hear is in high beauty. Mind you don't get lush and be chased out while you're in the village, but come the gagging cove over 'em, and get all you can, at the least. Hoping soon to whiddle a Jew with you at your own Kin without noses.

I remain,

Your loving Pal,

THOS. SHERIDAN.

Novr. 21st.

APPENDIX FOUR

THIS celebrated description of the Highlands, after the '45, was written by Nicol Graham of Gartmore in 1747. It somehow came into the possession of Sir Walter Scott, who quoted from it several times, and must have used it largely in the composition of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*. He lent it to Edward Burt, who printed long extracts from it in his *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London*. It has often been quoted by writers on the Highlands. Had it been in my possession, I would long ago have printed it in its entirety.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GARTMORE MS. BY NICOL GRAHAM OF GARTMORE

“An Inquiry into the Causes which facilitate the Rise and Progress of Rebellions and Insurrections in the Highlands of Scotland, etc.,” written in 1747.

By the Highlands of Scotland are understood, not only those mountainous grounds which run from both sides of Loch-lomond, in Stirling and Dumbarton shires, to the north of Sutherland; but likeways the Western Islands, and these grounds that lye upon the heads of Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeen shires, and fall in, upon the westward, with that other tract of land. The country is exceedingly mountainous, but full of salt water loches upon the coasts, and of fresh water ones in the heart of the country. Upon the coast the sides of these loches, and of the rivulets that run through the valleys, and which separate the mountains, there are great quantities of arable land, cappable by right culture to produce most grains. It is in these valleys and dens that the people live in little hutts, and the extensive moors and mountains about them afford pasture for vast quantitys of cattle. In most places of the country there are woods of oak, birtch, farr, and a great deal of brush and long heath. There is no easie communication from one place to another, by reason of the ruggedness of the

ground, excepting by the sides of these rivulets and lochs, which are situate in valleys that run from different parts of the Low countrys for a long way in through the mountains; so that most of these valleys are in a manner shut up from one another, and the rest of the world, except by passages which are commonly both narrow and difficult. The whole is very improveable, and capable of employing great numbers of the people in the ways of agriculture, breeding of cattle, fisherys, and manufactures of different kinds. It consists of about 230 paroches, if we include the Orkneys; and the number of souls residing within these limits will amount to 230,000.

The commonalty are of a smaller size than the people of the low country; and, as they are not accustomed to any hard labour, and are in the constant use of hunting, fowling, and following their cattle through the mountains, they are of wonderful agility of body, and capable to travel with ease at a great rate. Their dwellings and dress expose them so much to the weather, that by custom they can bear the severities of it without prejudice. Their diet is neither delicate nor oppulent; nay, they'll feast upon a meal that would starve most other people. In some places, they are so extremely poor, that they frequently let blood of their cattle, through the summer, to supply their want of bread. These lowest sort of people are very ignorant; and by whatever name they distinguish their religion, their state principles make a considerable part of it, and enthusiasm is the principal ingredient in both. They know no more of the improvements in common life than the breeding of cattle, the making of hay, butter and cheese. Notwithstanding of this, they are masters of a wonderful sagacity and cunning, and which is scarcely to be found in any other common sort of people. But as the estate of every considerable heritor there is look't upon as a kind of principality; so hence arise so many separate interests; and from thence, jealousies, feuds, depredations, and thefts; all which affect the common sort, and in so far open their understandings, and sharpen their judgements. The *tacksmen*, or *good-men* as well as the gentry, are generally larger bodied men than the inferior sort. These are a kind of ministry to the first, and patrons or counsellors to the last; and, as they squeeze from the one by address,

and from the other by a kind of friendly oppression, so their private interest requires a delicate management in relation to both. Constant experience in these circumstances, gives them judiciousness and subtilty, much above what could be expected from any in their situation. The whole of the people are capable of any improvement; and "to deny them courage and valour, would be doing them great injustice; for in that they are inferior to none, and few equal them". Gentlemen of estates, and the better sort, who have had the advantages of education, make as good a figure in their station of life, as any other people who move in the same sphere; only they affect a statelyness much above their rank in the world, and much above what their small estates can afford. The great, nay absolute submission paid them by their dependents, the want of the frequent society of people either of a superior or equal quality to themselves, and their remoteness from places where the authority and strength of the civil government is vigorously preserved, by its various subordinate powers, may occasion some singularities.

The property of these Highlands belongs to a great many different persons, who are more or less considerable in proportion to the extent of their estates, and to the command of men that live upon them, or to follow them on account of their clanship, out of the estates of others. These lands are set by the landlord during pleasure, or a short tack, to people whom they call good-men, and who are of a superior station to the commonality. These are generally the sons, brothers, cousins, or nearest relations of the landlord. The younger sons of families are not bred to any business or employments, but are sent to the French or Spanish armies, or marry as soon as they are of age. Those are left to their own good fortune and conduct abroad, and these are preferred to some advantageous farm at home. This, by the means of a small portion, and the liberality of their relations, they are able to stock, and which they, their children and grandchildren, possess at an easy rent, till a nearer descendant be again preferred to it. As the propinquity removes, they become less considered, till at last they degenerate to be of the common people; unless some accidental acquisition of wealth supports them above their station. As this hath been

an ancient custom, most of the farmers and cottars are of the name and clan of the proprietor; and, if they are not really so, the proprietor either obliges them to assume it, or they are glaid to do so, to procure his protection and favour.

Some of these tacks-men or good-men possess these farms themselves; but in that case they keep in them a great number of cottars, to each of whom they give a house, grass for a cow or two, and as much ground as will sow about a boll of oats, in places which their own plough cannot labour, by reason of brush or rock, and which they are obliged in many places to delve with spades. This is the only visible subject which these poor people possess for supporting themselves and their familys, and the only wages of their whole labour and service.

Others of them lett out parts of their farms to many of these cottars or subtenants; and as they are generally poor, and not allways in a capacity to stock these small tenements, the tacks-men frequently enter them on the ground laboured and sown, and sometimes too stocks it with cattle; all which he is obliged to re-deliver in the same condition at his removal, which is at the goodman's pleasure, as he is usually himself tennent at pleasure, and for which during his possession he pays an extravagantly high rent to the tacksman.

By this practice, farms, which one family and four horses are sufficient to labour, will have from four to sixteen familys living upon them. Nay, in the head of the paroch of Buchanan in Stirlingshire, about the barracks of Innersnait, as well as in several other places, there are to be found 150 familys living upon grounds which do not pay above 90£ sterling of yearly rent; that is, each family at a medium rents lands at twelve shillings of yearly rent.

As, by these means, the greater part of the inhabitants have neither half meat nor cloaths; they are driven by the necessitys of their circumstances, and induced by the conveniency of their situation for concealments, to steal cattle, both for supporting their familys and plenishing (*stocking*) their little farms; and, as the cause is generall, this practice is become so too.—Fewds and differences among familys in that country do not a little contribute to promote this mischief; stealing and robbing by means of villains kept thus in dependence, and under absolute

command, being the common way of resenting quarrells against one another. That a gentleman is either affected to, or in favour with, the government, is ground of discontent, and his estate soon feels the effects of the malice that arises from thence. People of station above the vulgar, and even some of the established clergy, are so overawed, that they speak a language different from what they think, and come by degrees to think in the way that is most convenient for people that live in their situation; and as cattle is the only wealth or subject these inhabitants do possess, all property in that country is rendered precarious. On these accounts, there is no culture of grounds, no improvement of pastures, and, from the same reasons, no manufactures, no trade; in short, no industry. The people are extremely prolific, and therefore so numerous, that there is not business in that country, according to its present order and economy, for above one half of them. Every place is full of idle people, accustomed to arms, and lazy in everything but rapines and depredations. As *Buddel* or *Aquavitæ* houses are to be found everywhere through the country, so in these they santer away their time, and frequently consume there the returns of their illegal purchases. Here the laws have never been executed nor the authority of the magistrate ever established. Here the officer of the law neither dare nor can execute his duty, and several places are above thirty miles from lawfull persons. In short, here is no order, no authority, no government!

The confusions and disorders of that country were so great, and the government so absolutely neglected it, that the sober people there were obliged to purchase some security to their effects by shamefull and ignominious contracts of *black maill*. A person who had the greatest correspondence with the thieves was agreed with to preserve the lands contracted for from thefts, for certain sums to be paid yearly out of these lands. Upon this fund he employed one half the thieves to recover stolen cattle, and the other half of them to steall, in order to make this agreement and blackmail contract necessary. The estates of these gentlemen who refused to contract, or give countenance to that pernicious practice, are plundered by the thieving part of the watch, in order to force them to purchase their protection.

He calls himself the *Captain of the Watch* and his banditti go by that name. And as this gives them a kind of authority to traverse the country, so it makes them capable of doing much mischief. These different odd kinds of corps through the Highlands make altogether a very considerable body of men inured from their infancy to the greatest fatigues, and so are capable to act in a military way when occasion offers.

People who are ignorant and enthusiastick, who are in absolute dependance upon their Chief or landlord, who are directed in their consciences by Roman Catholic Priests or non-juring Clergymen, and who are not masters of any property, may easily be formed into any mould. They fear no dangers, as they have nothing to lose, and so can with ease be induced to attempt any thing.—Nothing can make their condition worse, confusions and troubles do commonly indulge them in such licentiousness as by these they better it.

It is extremely strange, that so far down as this year 1747, any part of Great Britain should be found in this situation; but the truth is, the Scots Government never was able to civilize that country, and establish order in it and the new-modelled British Government hath continued matters as it found them—I don't pretend to understand how this last hath happened; the first can easily be accounted for.

As the Scottish Nation was allways jealous of the designs, and had reason to dread the power of England; so it allways struck in with France, which courted its alliance, that, by means of the Scotts, there might be a diversion given to the English arms, in the wars betwixt these two nations. To counter-balance this, the Kings of England kept up a correspondence and friendship, nay, entered into treaties with the familys of greatest interest in the Highlands, in order to give a diversion to the arms of Scotland, when their own kings made war against England. This countenance and assistance once given by the Kings of England to these families of the Highlands, their own greatness and independence, and their aversion to be restrained by laws, or subjected to the government of their own Kings, engaged them in constant rebellions against the government, not only during the reigns of the two Bruces, but likewayes during those of the kings of the House of Stewart, and of those

who succeeded them. Several of the Princes of this House made steps to reduce these familys to good order, and civilize the country, particularly James 3rd, 5th, and 6th, but since the time that this last prince came to the crown of England, the state of that country hath neither been much known, nor regarded by those in the administration, excepting during the government of Oliver Cromwell. The state of that country during that whole period of time, near 450 years, the steps taken to reduce it, and the truth of these facts . . . will appear . . . from the Scots Historys and Acts of Parliament. . . .

It is exceedingly strange that the rebellion in the year 1715 did not awaken those in the administration to make more steps towards civilizing the Highlands, for their own future security. The unhappy state of that country from the 1715 till the 1745, was the consequence of that neglect; and the unhappy state of the country was productive of those troubles in 1745.

The short time that the Highlanders were in a military way under the Lord Marr, and afterwards at Glenshiell, made the lower sort, after they were dispersed, abandon themselves to all manner of licentiousness. Thefts, robberys, rapines and depredations became so common, that they began to be looked upon as neither shameful nor dishonourable; and people of a station somewhat above the vulgar, did sometimes countenance encourage, nay head gangs of bandits in those detestable villanys. It now only remains to fill up that time betwixt these two last grand rebellions, with as many instances as will shew the miserable state of that country in that interval which we call peace.

There was in that time one Robert M'Greiger, who assumed the name of Campbell, but was commonly known by that of Rob Roy, who was descended of a little family of that clan, which held a small farm of and in Balquhidder in few of the family of Athole, and who commonly resided in the parish of Buchanan, Balquhidder, or on the confines of Argyleshire. This man, who was a person of sagacity, and neither wanted stratagem nor address, having abandoned himself to all licentiousness, sett himself att the head of all the loose vagrant and desperate people of that clan in the west end of Perth and Stirling shires, and infested those whole countrys with thefts,

robberys, and depredations. Very few who lived within his reach (that is, within the distance of a nocturnal expedition) could promise to themselves security, either to their persons or effects, without subjecting themselves to pay him both a heavy and shamefull tax of *blackmail*. He at last proceeded to such a degree of audaciousness, that he committed robberys, raised depredations, and resented quarrels at the head of a very considerable body of armed men, in open day, and in the face of the government—Mr. Graham of Killearn was then factor for the Duke of Montrose, and was in use to collect his rents at a place upon the borders of those Highlands at Buchanan, not above four miles from the house of that name, and no more from the town of Drymond. Being there upon that occasion, Rob Roy with about 20 of his corps, came full armed from the hills of Buchanan, apprehended his person in that place, robbed him of 300£ sterling of that Duke's rents, amidst his whole farmers, and carried that gentleman prisoner up amongst the hills, where he detained him a considerable time. The *Girnels* where the farmers delivered their victuall rent are near the same place; and whenever Rob and his followers were pressed with want, a party was detached to execute an order of their commander's for taking as much victualls out of these *Girnels*, as was necessary for them at the time. Disorders increased there to such a height, that some years, the value of the thefts and depredations committed upon some lands there were equall to the yearly rents of the lands, and the persons of small heritors were taken, carried off, and detained prisoners till they redeemed themselves for a sum of money, especially if they had at elections for Parliament voted for the government man. The then Duke of Montrose, in order to secure his estate from such insults, armed all his farmers who had suffered, thinking thereby they would be able to protect themselves; but Greiger M'Greiger of Glengyle, who took to himself the name of James Graham, a nephew of Robb's eager to display his military talents, did, with a party of these Buchanan M'Greigers, disarm the whole, by surprizing them separately, and so left them again naked to the rapaciousness of their plunderers. This was monstrously ingratefull, both in the one and other as Rob Roy, some years before, had obtained from that Duke, by his own interest only,

the farm of land called Glengyle, to this same man, his nephew, in few, where his forefathers had lived farmers to the Lairds of Buchanan, for a little sum not one-tenth of its real value, and besides, in the year 1745, he drew, or rather forced his Grace's farmers in the neighbourhood of that place, into that insurrection which brought upon his lands there the resentment of the military.

The lands in the head of the parish of Buchanan lying betwixt Loch Lomond and Loch Katerin, are, of all these in that country, the best adapted for concealments, and the most conveniently situate for bad purposes, and *they had formerly been possessed by those of that clan.* Theifts and depredations were pushed successfully in these places, with an intention, either to turn these lands waste, or oblige that lord, the proprietor of them then, by a purchase from the family of Buchanan, to grant laces (*leases*) to those ancient possessors. The scheme propted answered; the sons of Rob Roy gott one half of those lands in lace, and Glengyle, the nephew, the other half. When these people got possession of these places so well fitted for their designs, they found they were able to carry matters still one point furder; in order to which, it was necessary that theifts and depredations should be carried on incessantly through their whole neighbourhood. Things being thus prepared that this M'Gregor of Glengyle should keep a Highland watch for protecting that country from these mischiefs, for supporting of which he demanded 4*£* Scots out of each 100*£* Scots of valued rent. As they had now got possession of these high grounds in a legall way, from whence they could vex the whole neighbourhood, the thing was agreed, and a formall *black-mail* contract entered into betwixt M'Greiger and a great many heretors, whose lands lay chiefly exposed to these depredations, and which enabled him, when the troubles of 1745 began, to raise about 40 men for that service, with which this same man put the country upon the water of Enrick, Dundaff, Strablain, and other places, under contributions, and opened the first scene in that fatall tragedy, by surprizeing the barracks of Innersnait, and a part of General Campbell's regiment, which was working at the Inverary roads.

The history of Mr. M'Donald of Barasdale would give a

lively representation of the disordered state of the north Highlands; but as the detail of the conduct, stratagems, and schemes followed by Mr. M'Donald, to procure for himself an extensive and profitable Highland Watch, would be too tedious, I shall only say, that this gentleman, descended of the Glengary family, by the indolence and negligence of the head of that tribe, procured to himself such advantages and such interest with that branch of that clan that he was able to force an extensive Highland neighbourhood, where are people of no small interest, to contribute to him a very considerable sum yearly for their protection.

Sir Alexander Murray of Stenhope had acquired a knowledge of minerals, and travelled all over the Highlands in order to make discoveries in that way. Great appearances of lead-mines cast up to him in severall places, but particularly in the lands of Ardnamurchan and Sweenard, which belonged to Campbell of Lochneill. He made a purchase of these lands from that gentleman, and of some other small interests in that neighbourhood. He laid open vastly rich lead-mines at Strontian, and made very great improvements in the land estate. The mines turned out to very great advantage and would have increased to infinitely more, if matters had not fallen into very great disorders. Sir Alexander was a stranger in the country, the people upon his estate were all of them Camrons (Campbells), or of other clans in these places, who had a stronger attachment to their own respective chiefs than to their new landlord, a stranger and the whole of the neighbourhood was possessed by these and other clans. Sir Alexander's cattle and effects were stolen, and robbed, his houses were burnt, and his own person and family threatened. He attempted to prosecute the criminalls before the ordinary courts of Justice; but he complained loudly that either justice was delayed, or refused him, and the criminalls protected. It must surely have been the height of oppression that made the poor gentleman abandon all these promising prospects, for security to himself and his family, and complain of these hardships he met with to the British Parliament and Ministry; and we must now acknowledge by what hath since happened, that his complaints have not been groundless, nor he a bad prophet. The Lordship of Morven lys in the extremity

of Argyleshire; it belongs in property to the family of Argyle, and is mostly possessed by these of the Clan Cameron, who enjoyed there very advantageous farms. Some years ago there was, I believe, some improvement made in the rents, and Mr. Campbell of Craignish was appointed a new bailly and factor for that place. Neither of these alterations were agreeable to these people; a proper occasion was taken to seize the factor and rob him of 300*£* sterling of that lord's rents. If a thing so audacious was attempted against the Duke of Argyle, a man so great and powerfull in these parts, what could Sir Alexander Murray or any other private gentleman expect?

Where there is no government, no order, what will people not dare to do? No farther back than some months ago, as I am informed, a Regality Court was held by one Graham, successor in office to that Gentleman, who was made prisoner by Rob Roy, at that very place where he was apprehended. There happened a controversy there betwixt people of the name of Stewart, and others of that of M'Farland, about stollen cattle. The M'Farlands were charged of being guilty, art and part, of stealing the Stewarts' cattle; and for vouching the truth of this allegation, hides of cattle were produced in court, found in the custody of the M'Farlands which were affirmed to be those of the cattle in question, and a proof thereof offered. The bailly secured the hides with the rest of this process till the next diet of court, and adjourned in order to take his ordinary refreshment. A few days thereafter a strong party of men in arms came to the courthouse and carried off the whole. If these things be permitted, how can justice be administrate? And, if there is a stop in that, there is an end of government.

It is plain, from what is said, the reigns preceding that of King Charles the First made a great progress in reducing that country into good order; but that the politicks of the four reigns that succeeded Cromwell's usurpation had a direct tendency to the contrary.

1st. The first and principal cause of the many disorders in that country is to be imputed to the great number of poor people there. The Highlands comprehends about 230 paroches, including the Western Islands and Orkneys. There are not

fewer in every paroch, at a medium, than 800 examinable persons, that is, persons above 9 years of age. Those of nine, and under that age, will amount to 200, that is about 1/5 of the whole number. Thus in every paroch, at a medium, there will be 1000 souls, and in the country, 230,000; and the whole force and power of this country, was every man betwixt the age of 18 and 56 to be put under arms, would be equal to an army of 57,500 men.

But, according to the present œconomy of the Highlands, there is not business for more than one half that number of people; that is, the agriculture, the pasturage, the fishery, and all the manufactures in that country, can be sufficiently managed by one half of that number. The other half, then, must be idle, and beggars, while in the country; that is, there are in the Highlands no fewer than 115,000 poor people, and of these, there are 28,750 able-bodied men betwixt the ages of 18 and 56 fitt to bear arms.

The reall rent paid to the landlords of each paroch, is probably, at a medium, 750 pounds sterling, and each of them, at a medium, comprehends about fifty ploughs of land; that is, as much arable as four horses will labour; and as much pasture as will feed these horses and about 40 or 50 cows. Allowing 25 familys for 25 of these farms, and two familys for each of the other, this will be 75 familys for every paroch, at a medium, which at six soulls in the family, will be 450 souls in each paroch. Fifty more persons make one half of the paroch, amongst whom there will be 12 able-bodied men, who will manage any manufactory, as they are at present. And thus there is no business for the other 500; and if each of these ploughs pays of yearly rent to the landlord, 15£ sterling, each paroch at a medium will be of yearly rent 750£ sterling.

The expence of 115,000 souls, who at present can have no business or employment in the country, cannot be less than one penny sterling a day, that is, about 1£ 10s. sterling a year, each person: That is, their whole expense per annum will be 172,500£ sterling. A great number of these persons do probably gain equall to their expence, in the Low-countrys, during the season of herding (*tending cattle in open-field pastures* of harvest, of hay), and by other labbour during the spring and

summer; but then the rest of these people must be supported in the Highlands, where they constantly reside, as they gain nothing. These we cannot suppose under one half of the whole number, so that there are in that country 57,500 souls who live; so many of them upon charity, and who are vagrant beggars through the Highlands and the borders of it. Many of them live an idle sauntering life among their acquaintance and relations, and are supported by their bounty; others gette a livelihood by *blackmail* contracts, by which they receive certain sums of money from people of substance in the country, to abstain from stealing their cattle; and the last class of them gain their expence by stealing, robbing, and committing depredations.

The poverty of these people makes them intirely depend on their landlords, from whom they have a residence; and their indulging of some in their idleness, and their protecting of others in their illegal practices, gives such an influence over them, that with ease they can prevail with them to undertake anything; besides, their condition may possibly be better, but scarcely worse.

2nd. The poverty of the people is occasioned and continued by a custom that is presently in use, and hath long obtained in that country; viz. The practice of letting of many farms to one man, who, again, subsettts them to a much greater number than those can maintain, and at a much higher rent than they can afford to pay. This obliges these poor people to purchase their rents and expences by thefts and robberys, in which they are indulged and protected by their landlords, as these are the principall means of providing both. There are many instances of 16 familys living upon one plough of land; and in the head of the paroch of Buchanan, and many other places, there are about 150 familys who live upon lands that don't pay of yearly rent above 90£ sterlinc; none of them have any employment, most of them possess a cott-house, a little yead (kitchen garden), an acre or two of ground full of rocks, and a cow's grass or two. —Thus the people are allways poor, and allways dependants.

3rd. The frequent depredations, robberys, and thefts through the Highlands produce effects of great consequence; for, as a great many persons are employed in this way, so a

number of people are bred up and constantly accustomed to all the hardships, hazards, and fatigues of that business; by which means, from the time they can drive cattle, they have a kind of military education, by their night expeditions, their fatiguing marches, and by their useing themselves to all the severitys of the weather. And thus we find, that when they are formed into military bodys, they have in this respect the advantage of any regular troops.

Although the poverty of the people principally produces these practices so ruinous to society; yet the nature of the country, which is thinly inhabitate, by reason of the extensive moors and mountains, and which is so well fitted for conceallments by the many glens, dens, and cavitys in it, does not a little contribute. In such a country cattle are privately transported from one place to another, and securely hid, and in such a country it is not easy to get informations, nor to apprehend the criminalls. People lye so open to their resentment, either for giving intelligence, or prosecuting them, that they decline either, rather than risk their cattle being stoln, or their houses burnt. And then, in the pursuit of a rogue, though he was almost in hands, the grounds are so hilly and unequall, and so much covered with wood or brush, and so full of dens and hollows, that the sight of him is almost as soon lost as he is discovered.

It is not easy to determine the number of persons employed in this way; but it may be safely affirmed that the horses, cows, sheep, and goats yearly stoln in that country are in value equall to 5000£; that the expences lost in the fruitless endeavours to recover them, will not be less than 2000£; that the extraordinary expences of keeping herds and servants to look more narrowly after cattle on account of stealling, otherways not necessary, is 10,000£. There is paid in *blackmaill* or *watch-money*, openly and privately, 5000£; and there is a yearly loss by understocking the grounds, by reason of thefts, of at least 15,000£ which is altogether a loss to landlords and farmers, in the Highlands of 37,000£ sterling a year. But besides, if we consider, that at least one half of these stollen effects quite perish, by reason that a part of them is buried under ground, the rest is rather devoured than eat, and so, what would serve

ten men in the ordinary way of living, swallowed up by two or three, to put it soon out of the way, and that some part of it is destroyed in concealed parts, when a discovery is suspected; we must allow that there is 2500£ as the value of the half of the stollen cattle, and 15,000£ for the article of understock quite lost of the stock of the kingdom.

4th. These last mischiefs occasions another, which is still worse, although intended as a remedy for them. That is, the engaging companys of men, and keeping them in pay to prevent these thefts and depredations. As the government neglect the country, and don't protect the subjects in the possession of their property, they have been forced into this method for their own security, tho' at a charge little less than the land-tax. The person chosen to command this *watch* as it is called, is commonly one deeply concerned in the thefts himself, or at least that hath been in correspondence with the thieves, and frequently who hath occasioned thefts, in order to make this watch, by which he gains, considerably necessary. The people employed travell through the country armed, night and day, under pretence of enquiring after stollen cattle, and by this means know the situation and circumstances of the whole country. And as the people thus employed are the very rogues that do these mischiefs; so one half of them are continued in their former bussiness of stealing that the business of the other half may be necessary in recovering: And thus these watches make another nursery for military men. This practice is taken up out of meer necessity, by the Government's neglecting the polity of that country; is of very great consequence and whoever considers the shamefull way these watches were managed, particularly by Barrisdale, and the M'Greigors, in the west ends of Perth and Stirling shires, will easily see into the spirit, nature, and consequences of them.

5th. The dress and habit of that country is of great advantage, wherever agility or expedition is necessary. By its looseness, the people are allways exposed to cold and weetness, and so by custom can bear both without any inconveniency.

This habit conduces, too, to give them an aversion for any constant hard labour; for, as it is slight and thinn, so it is not sufficient to cover and save the body in the pressures upon it

necessary in hard work. It fitts them out for activity, gives them an aversion to labour, and by a kind of uniform unites them in a body distinguished from the rest of their fellow-subjects.

6th. Their present way of life, which mostly passes in the moors and mountains, either in hunting after game for their support, or in the defence or pursuit of their cattle accustoms them from their infancy with the use of the gun, sword, pistoll and durk, and this, again, gives them hardiness and resolution, and likewayes a dexterity in handling arms, much superior to these constantly employed in agriculture or manufactures.

7th. Their poor mean smoaky cold hutts, without any door or window-shutter, and without any furniture or utenseills, and which a man may build in three or four days, accustom the people to bear any accommodations that are sufficient for cows or hoggs. They are not of such a value as to be a pledge for their paying regard to the law, and are not proper, by reason of their dirtyness and smoakyness, for manufacturing in them butter and cheese, the principall product of their country; to say nothing of their unfitness for any other kind of business.

8th. The familys in that country have hitherto had so little interest with those concerned in the government of publick affaires, and therefore so small encouragement for any employment under them, that many younger sons of small familys are obliged, either to turn farmers at home under their eldest brother, or to go abroad to serve in the French or Spanish armies. The first tends exceedingly to keep up the clanship, and the last produces still worse effects. These young gentlemen, when they are preferred to commissions, come privately every other year to the country, and contract with some of the able-bodied young men of their neighbourhood or clann, with whom they can have influence, for so many years service; and when that term expires, many of these choise to return home. And thus new levys are allways made, and some of the bred soldiers are allways returning. By this means, many are to be found amongst the inhabitants of the country, that have been disciplined in the French and Spanish armys. Many of the masters of little French vessels upon the coast of Normandy all know that highland coast fully as well as any British

sailor, and some of them speak the highland language tollerably well.

9th. It hath been for some time a custom through the Highlands, amongst those who pretend to be chiefs or leaders of clans, to oblige all the farmers or cottars that gett possessions in their grounds to take their names. In a generation or two it is believed that they really are of that name; and this not only holds to the number of the clan, and keeps it up, but superinduces the tye of kindred to the obligation and interest of the former.

10th. Most of the baillies, factors, or stewarts upon the considerable estates thro' the Highlands, are disaffected to this present government, (by what accident this happens I know not;) and whoever holds these offices, can with ease influence the people what way they please. Every one of them either is, or may be, so much at their mercy, that they court their favour by taking up their sentiments. And as several days are usually spent in holding courts, and levying the master's rent; so a good part of that time passes in jollity and carousing; where the tennents and sub-tennents are spirited up to a distaste of the administration, by such conversation and news, as are unfavourable to it; and where the healths of persons are warmly remembered who have made it their business to subvert the constitution.

11th. The speaking in the Irish tongue through most of country, which is a different language from that spoken by the rest of the kingdom, hath a great tendency to unite them in a body together; and separate them from the rest of the subjects by trifling animositys, ariseing from their different manners, the natural consequences of their different language, and their want of our language evidently prevents their making improvements in the affairs of common life, and in other knowledge, as it is the means to acquire them.

12th. It might be expected that the schools established by the Christian Society in the country had done much, for introducing the language there; but these schools are not so well conducted and overseen as necessary. The clergy, who have the charge, are too negligent, both in visiting and making just report of them. There is nothing more ordinary in these

schools, than to see the boys read the English Bible with distinctness enough, and yet not able to speak one word of English; and in this condition they leave the school.

13th. The difficulty of access into most places of that country, and from one place to another, by reason of the badness of the roads, immures them up among themselves, and prevents their having correspondence and commerce with the civilized part of the kingdom this keeps them in a state of ignorance and barbarity.

14th. As most of these places are at a great distance from trading towns, where the common sort have no correspondence, small heretors, and some of the substantiall tacksmen play the merchant, and supply the common people with such things as are necessary to them, either for labouring their grounds, supporting their familys, or comforting and relieving them in sickness, as iron, victuall (*corn*), little quantitys of wine and spirits, sugar and tobacco. As the poor ignorant people have neither knowledge of the value of their purchase, nor money to pay for it, they deliver to these dealers cattle in the beginning of May for the goods they have received; by which traffick the poor wretched people are cheated out of their effects for one half of their value; and so are kept in eternal poverty.

15th. It is alleged, that much of the Highlands lye at a great distance from publick Fairs, mercates, and places of commerce, and that the access to these places is both difficult and dangerous; by reason of all which, trading people decline to go into the country in order to traffick and deal with the people. It is on this account that the farmers, having no way to turn the produce of their farms, which is mostly cattle, into money are obliged to pay their rents in cattle, which the landlord takes at his own price, in regaird that he must either graise them himself, send them to distant markets, or credite some person with them, to be againe at a certain profite disposed of by him. This introduced the business of that sort of people commonly known by the name of Drovers. These men have little or no substance, they must know the language, the different places, and consequently be of that country. The farmers, then, do either sell their cattle to these drovers upon credite, at the drover's price (for ready money they seldom

have) or to the landlord at his price, for payment of his rent. If this last is the case, the landlord does again dispose of them to the drover upon credite, and these drovers make what profites they can by selling them to grasers, or at markets. These drovers make payments, and keep credite for a few years, and then they either in reality become bankrupts, or pretend to be so. The last is most frequently the case, and then the subject of which they have cheated is privately transferred to a confident person in whose name, upon that reall stock, a trade is sometimes carried on for their behoof, till this trustee gett into credite, and prepare *his* affairs for a bankruptcy. Thus the farmers are still kept poor, they first sell at an under rate, and then they often loose alltogether. The landlords, too, must either turn traders and take their cattle to markets, or give these people credite and by the same means suffer.

16th. The *buddiell* or *aquavitæ* houses, that is, houses where they distill and retaill aquavity, are the bane and ruine of that country. These houses are every where, and when the price of barley is low, all of them malt and distill in great quantys. As they never pay malt duty nor excise, they can sell their spirits at a small price. It is in these that the farmer does slothfully idle away his time, and consume his substance; that the loose vagrants who follow no business but that of thieving and committing depredations, pass most of the day in spending the price of their plunder, and in making their illegal contracts; and those houses do commonly occasion the breach of the publick peace.

17th. The episcopall nonjuring clergy are not numerous through the Highlands; but are exceedingly active. They so much blend the principles of government with those of religion that they don't think they can make a good Christian, without at the same time teaching him principles not only inconsistent with a free and happy constitution of Government, but subversive of the natural rights and priviledges of mankind. *Indefeasable hereditary right, and absolute uncontroulable power* in the chief magistrate, is looked upon allways as an essentiaill article in their creed.

18th. There is a considerable number of the Roman Catholick clergy, some of them settled, others missionarys, who

intirely direct the consciencies of those of that Church, and greatly influence some who profess to be of ane other, in matters relateing to government affairs.

19th. The established clergy through the Highlands and borders of it are, generally speaking, exceedingly negligent in their duty, and persons of no great reputation nor esteem; many of them are not only frighted, from the circumstances of their situation, from doing their duty with resolution; but are even ready to fall in with the sentiments of those they were intended to reform, and to cover from the civil magistrate, as much as they can, both the crime and the criminal.

20th. The remottness of courts of justice from most places in that country occasions great mischiefs; thereby the landlords or their baillies are generally the judges both in civil and criminall matters, by virtue of their jurisdictions, and on this account are regairded by the people as the only persons of power to whom their submission is due. And as the landlord and chieftains thro' that country are exceedingly fond of secureing in their interest, and haveing at their command as many of the people, especially of the loose vagrants, as possibly they can, people who dare any thing, and have nothing to loose; so these jurisdictions are but too frequently made use of to protect these criminalls, by which they gain their affection; or to resent quarrels, by which they make themselves formidable.

21st. The great difficulty and expence of apprehending criminalls in that country, gives great encouragement to rogues in their bad practices. Whoever considers the nature of these grounds, the extensive moors and mountains the woods and brush, with which in most places they are covered, the sudden swells and hollows on the surface of the grounds, and the many dens and glens thro' the whole, will easily perceive that two men will with more ease apprehend a rogue in a plain open populous country, than what twenty will do in such a one as I have described. Besides, considering the extent of ground, the inhabitants are few, and fearing mischievous resentments, not only refuse information but are fain to curry favour by giving protection. And if so, the difficulty and expence of apprehending a criminal is ten times greater than that of apprehending one in the Low countrys; which is what private persons cannot afford.

22nd. When criminals are apprehended, it is frequently so great an expence to take them to a lawfull prison, that private people have great reason to grudge the charges. This is occasioned by the distances of the prisons. There are not as many in that country as are necessary; in many places it being thirty miles to a lawfull gaol.

23rd. After a criminal is apprehended and incarcerated the expense of the tryall or prosecution is so excessively great, that most people rather choise to suffer, than to expend 60 or 70£ sterling in bringing one of these rogues to justice before a circuit, sherrif, or stewart court. And, if the prosecution be before the justiciary of Edinburgh the charge will be much greater.

24th. These hardships that the subjects lye under, induces them to compound with the thieves for the injurries done them. By this composition, the person injured does not recover above one half of his effects, which comes out a very heavy tax payed by the peaceable subjects to these thieves and robbers; and by this impunity they are encouraged to continue in these villainous practices.

25th. So long as the Highlands continues in its present state, so long will there be insurrections, thefts, and depredations, and so long will the people be in poverty and ignorance, and tools, not only to every foreign power at warr with Great Britain, but to every discontented subject who hath the interestt and address to play them to answer to his designs. If the people of estates and interest in the Highlands, who are disaffected to the present government, would allow themselves to think impartially, they would soon observe how inhumanly they have been used in all these state struggles and that it is their greatest interest to have the Highlands civilized, and brought under a regular government. They would be no longer the dupes of designing people, nor undergo any longer the severitys and hardships that these intrigues have drawn upon them in preceding times; and their estates must improve with peace and tranquility. But it may be a question whether those in that country who are really attached, and have testified their zeall and affection to the government, may not justly think that their greatest interest is founded in the present dis-

orderly state of that country, for if at present they are necessary to the government on account of the force they can command, and if that makes them considerable, the civilizing of that country not only annihilates that force, but removes these disorders which made them necessary; and thus they are left of no more consequence than any other persons in Great Britain of the same extent of estate; which is another unhappy circumstance that attends the present state of the country.

26th. It was reasonable to expect, after the union of the two kingdoms, that every step in the administration of the publick affairs of Great Britain would allways have a tendency to render that union more and more compleat; and that no furder difference in the management of publick matters in the united kingdom would ever afterwards take place, than in so far as was necessary by the articles stipulate in that union; but in place of one uniform administration over the whole, there hath allways been a separate appearance, a face of government in Scotland, from that of England; which hath a tendency to hinder the two different people's incorporating into one, and to continue nationall differences.¹

¹ Reprinted from *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London*, Edward Burt, fifth edition, vol. ii. London, 1818.

APPENDIX FIVE

COLONEL JOHN GRAHAM

THERE was a Captain John Graham at the battle of Assaye (1803). This Captain John Graham was promoted to be Major in 1804 and afterwards to be Colonel. The 74th Regiment of foot (Highlanders), now 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, was at the battle.

The 74th Regiment was originally assembled in Glasgow. Its officers were mostly from the West Country.

At Ardoch, in addition to the picture by Pyne of Colonel John Graham holding his horse, there is another, also by Pyne, of Colonel John Graham in a Highland feather bonnet, and with a claymore.

In the Duke of Wellington's despatches, 1803-4, there are many letters to Captain Graham, and one dated January 1804 to Major Graham.

CAMP, 5th January 1804.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that, by virtue of the authority vested in me, I have concluded a peace on the part of the Honourable Company and their Allies with the Maharajah Dowlat, Rao Feindiah, which the latter has ratified, by which I have consented to cede to the Maharajah the districts, land and villages specified in the enclosed paper, which is a copy of the 8th article of the Treaty of Peace.

I beg that upon the receipt of this letter you will cede the districts and places therein specified to the officers who will be sent by the Maharajah to take possession of them, provided that the condition stated in the 8th article is complied with, and particularly provided that Mulwa Dada withdraws his banditti from the country, and crosses the Godavery and proceeds into Candeish. But if Mulwa Dada should still remain with his banditti in that quarter, you are not to deliver up the districts in question till you receive further orders from me.

The fort of Ahmednuggur, and the other districts taken possession of, at the time of the capture of that fort by the

British troops, are to remain in the possession of the British Government and their allies, under the treaty of peace.

✓ You will give up the districts in the state in which they are on the day you shall receive this letter. You are to have nothing further to do with them, and to give up all claims upon them for arrears of revenue, etc., unless you should have made advances to the ryots; in which case, you are to recover those advances.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

MAJOR GRAHAM.

In Pyne's picture of Colonel Graham holding his horse, he is dressed in a red coat and buff waistcoat, both much laced with gold. One hand holds his horse, the other rests on his sword.

He is represented as a man of about fifty, very dark, with rather long black hair without powder, bareheaded, and he has a small black moustache.

He presents a very handsome and martial figure.

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